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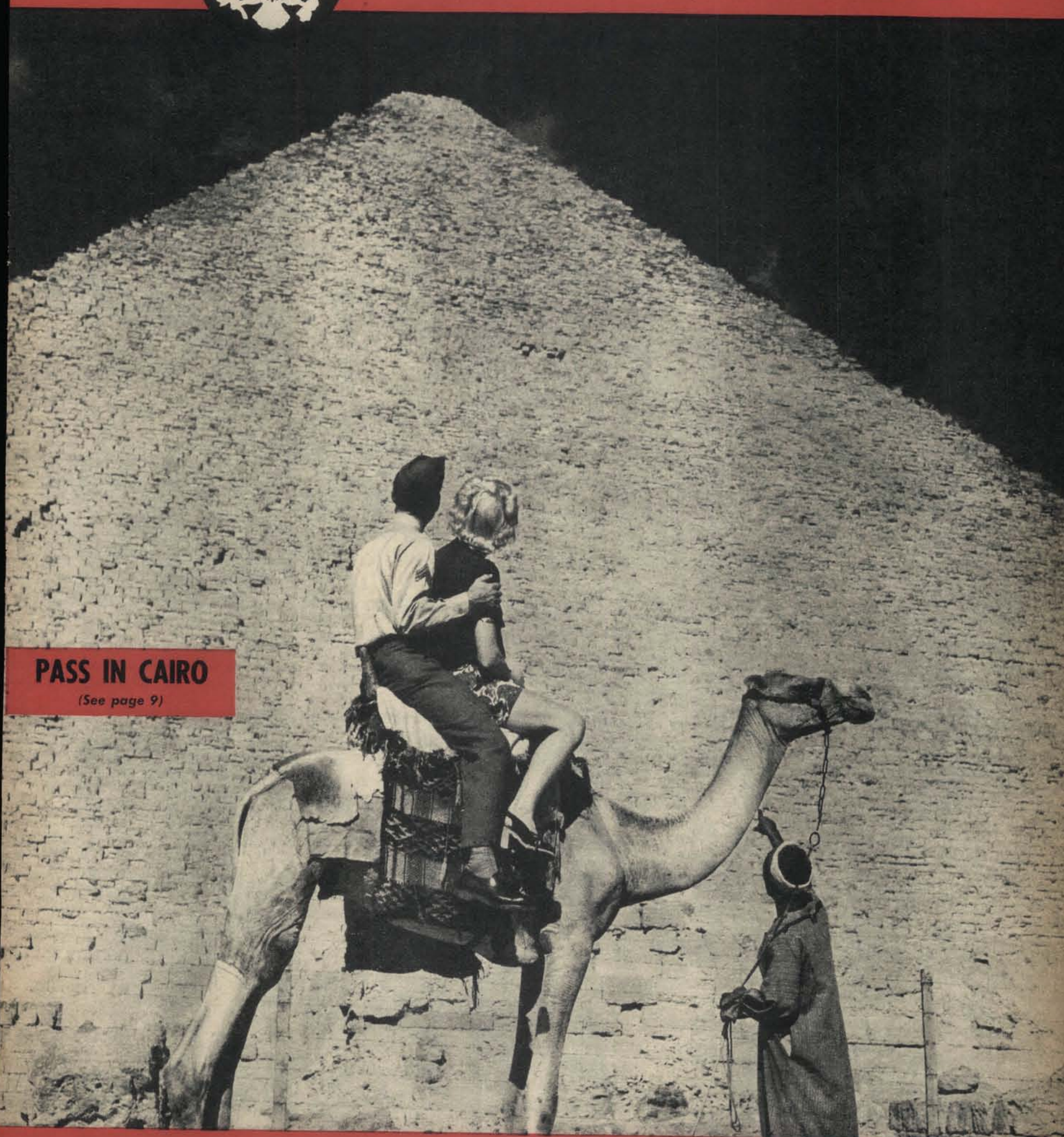
By the men . . for the men in the service



PASS IN CAIRO

(See page 9)

Hopeless McGonigle's Brother Organizes a GI Union

A WHACKY FICTION STORY ON PAGE 4

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T/S ERWIN SCHUMACHER of Coleharbor, N. Dak., Army tractor operator, used his head to come up with the following answer: "I'd take a case of beer, a beach umbrella and a 14-day furlough. If no furloughs were in stock at the time, I'd take another case of beer."

PFC. WILLIAM CASSANO of Cleveland, Ohio, member of a local outfit, pondered the question for 45 minutes and came up with: take a loaf of Egyptian bread, a jug of Stella beer and any bl who will write to me." Bill was snapped as he nabbed a spee

If you could take only three things into the desert, what would you pick?

Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer in the Near East, asked the above question of five Americans. Here are their answers.

2D LT. MARIE SCHERER of Big Run, Pa., an Army nurse, went femi in choosing her answer. Said Lt. Scherer, "My choice would be a helmet to keep the skin on my nose, some cold cream to keep sand out of my pores and a jeep to get me back to the hospi

SGT. ELMO PLANK of Woodland, Calif., an Army mechanic, decided to be practical about the whole matter. "It is a simple decision," declared Sgt. Plank. "I would take along a canteen full of water, a sack of assorted foodstuffs and some light but sun-resistant clothing."

T/5 JOE SONNEN of Union City, N. J., ordnance outfit, would tak compass, cigarettes and sugar. He said: "The compass would lead to a mess line, I could use the glass over the compass to focus the su rays into a cigarette lighter, and I could trade sugar with the Arab

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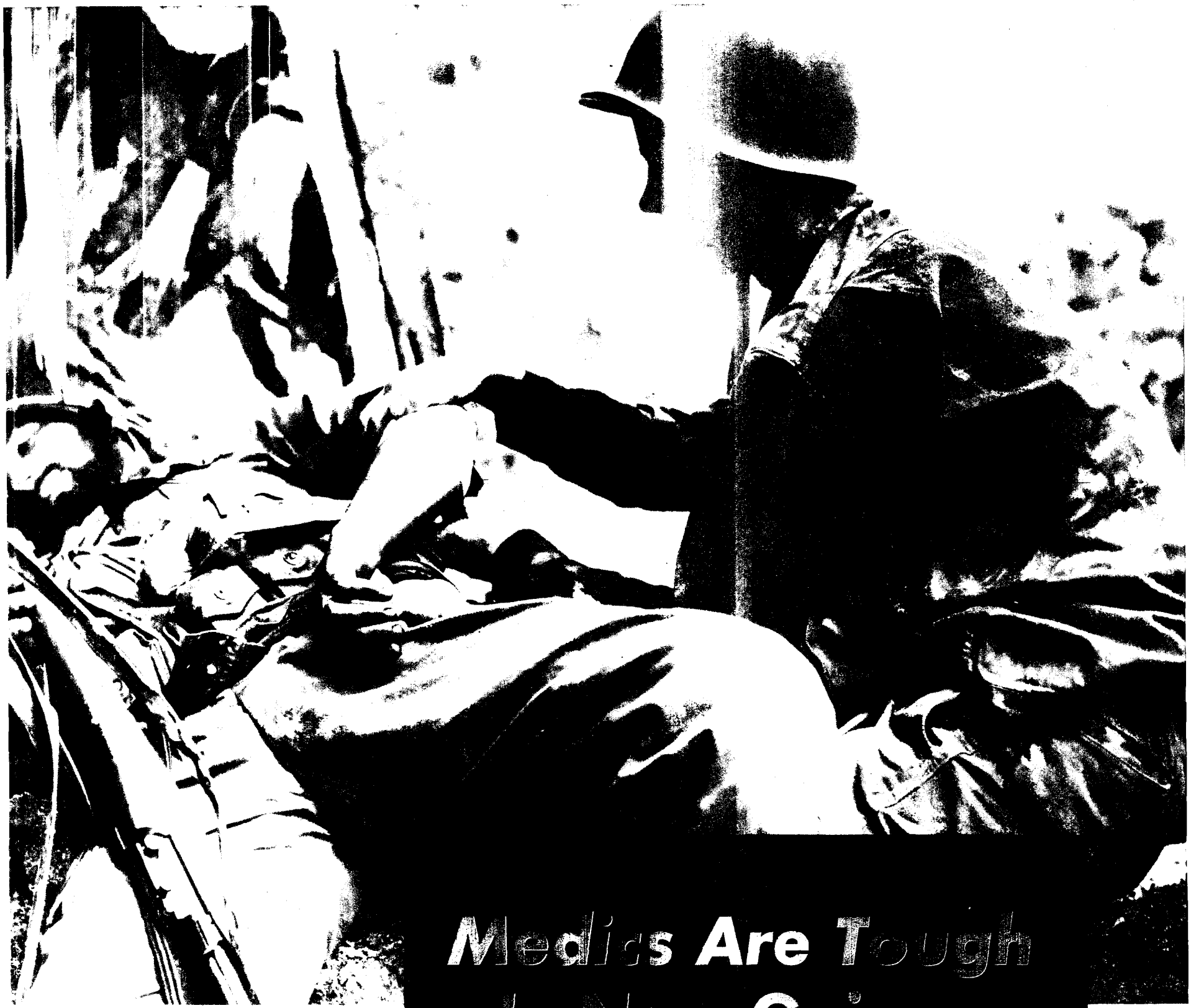

Medics Are Tough In New Guinea

Thirty yards from the Jap lines in New Guinea, Pvt. James Windle is shown above dressing the shrapnel wounds of Cpl. Henry Jeske. "Twenty minutes later Jeske was hit again and Windle repeated the job," writes YANK's Sgt. Dave Richardson, who took the picture and sent it back with this report of the work of medical men in his area.

WITH AMERICAN FORCES IN NEW GUINEA—With tensed, grim faces a patrol of American infantrymen hopped out of its forward outpost and headed toward the Jap positions. The bomb- and bullet-shattered coconut grove was as silent as the sea before a storm. We watched the green-clothed, bearded Yanks as they walked, cocked rifles at ready port, in hunched fashion toward what might be sudden death.

Then it happened. From Jap pillboxes buried under palm fronds came a withering hail of machine-gun fire. Our CO gave the word and our machine guns began to stutter tracer bullets into the pillboxes. The patrol, out in the middle of the fire, hit the mud. The men continued toward the Japs on their bellies. Two quit moving, and we knew they'd been hit.

Up from the mud, in the midst of the patrol, scrambled an unarmed soldier. He raced through the two-way machine-gun fire and dropped beside one of the men who had quit moving. He turned the man over, took one look and grabbed for the pouches at his side. There, in the heat of battle, he dressed and bandaged the wound. Then he raced to the next one and to other wounded men in the patrol.

When other Yanks swept through to charge and mop up the pillboxes from which the patrol had drawn fire, I learned the identity of the man with the pouches who had cared for the wounded. He was Pvt. James Windle of Powell, Wyo., who left high school to join the Army and held one of the most dangerous of noncombatant jobs.

He was a company aid man. He and other company aid men move out with every patrol into Jap territory. They sit in advance outposts that may be encircled by Jap infiltration. They run along with bayonet charges. Wherever there's danger at the front, there's a company aid man.

Pfc. Ray Hackney, a buddy of Windle's who used to be a machinist in Chatfield, Ohio, and who is also a company aid man, was with an American company that battered its way through Buna Mission in one of the heaviest battles of the New Guinea campaign. For his work under constant mortar, machine-gun and rifle fire, Hackney was recommended for a decoration.

In another battle S/Sgt. Bill Frunsek, an aid man from Milwaukee, formerly a road-construction worker, raced out into the open between the Japs and the Yanks, where it was even considered too dangerous for patrols to venture, and got to a scout who had been wounded within 25 feet of a pillbox. He dressed the scout, then lugged him to safety as Japs sprayed bullets all around him.

In the Sanananda battle Cpl. James V. (Doc) Bay of Seattle, Wash., belied the fact that officers had taken him out of a rifle platoon and transferred him to the Medics because he was over 40. He waded through swamps day and night to patch up and rescue infantrymen who were so far into Jap positions they had been given up for dead.

"I may have been only a janitor in a Seattle hospital," he said when fellow infantrymen shook hands with him after the battle, "but by gum I've showed 'em here why I want to be called Doc, even if I ain't got an MD degree."

Unarmed and constantly exposed to fire, company aid men have been wounded and killed in action. Windle considers himself luckiest of them all; a Jap bullet ripped clear through his aid pouch without touching him.

Every company aid man with whom I talked at the front stressed that his job is only to apply temporary dressings and keep advancing with his outfit. Battalion aid men—litter bearers—take the men back to portable hospitals afterward.

"Listen," a battle-hardened infantryman told me, "put in your story that any of us front-line guys will smack anybody in the face if he ever calls the Medics 'pillrollers'. Most of them have a helluva lot more guts than we've got."

Maybe that's why Windle, Hackney, Frunsek, Bay and the rest of them are the most popular men in their companies these days.

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United Military Workers

By S. Sgt. L. A. BRODSKY

Marianna Field, Fla.

NEVER have I seen quarters like mine. As a matter of fact, it must have been a tax appraiser what first called my shack quarters on account of somebody owes somebody else 20 cents on the whole deal. However, there I am in my GI dungeon, surrounded by a choice bunch of cutthroats which includes Tyrone Teinowitz and Big Nose Pekin and Little Nose Broida and No Nose Tolpin and Running Nose Lavin and Hopeless McGonigle and me, Stripeless Murphy.

Not having anything better to do, we is sitting around discussing the various pin-up girls and we come to the conclusion that Jane Russell has Dorothy Lamour beat by two points—which is very evident.

All of a sudden Hopeless McGonigle speaks up.

"Ain't we citizens of this country?" says he.

"Sure," answers I.

"Can't we have unions?"

"Sure," I answers for the second time, which is a new world's record for times in a row what McGonigle has ever been right.

"Then how come we ain't got them in the Army no more?" he asks.

"What do you mean, 'no more,'" I says. "We ain't never had no unions in the Army."

"Oh, no," says Hopeless with a very superior attitude what is unbecoming his intelligence. "Then what about the Union Army what fought the Confederates on account of the Confederates was employing the colored people 48 hours a week with no overtime?"

Tyrone Teinowitz explains to Hopeless what the Union Army was.

"Maybe," says Hopeless, "maybe this is why what happens to my brother happens."

"What brother is this?" asks Little Nose.

"It is my brother what is known as Soapbox McGonigle."

"What happened to him?" asks Little Nose before I can warn him that this is a very foolish question and will only lead to Hopeless talking.

"Back in the days before the rising sons decide to rise and help their Aryan brothers, my brother Soapbox gets a letter what informs him that he has got a low number in the draft. However, Soapbox is a very shrewd character and dopes out a way to beat the rap. He enlists."

"Does it work?" asks Big Nose.

"Nope, it don't work on account of Soapbox is in the Army anyway," says Hopeless.

"Then one day when Soapbox is reclining his anatomy behind the mess hall not paying no attention to nothing when all of a sudden he sees a pair of feet staring him in the face. He don't look up and a voice what belongs to the size 12s says to him, 'And what are you doing, soldier?'

"'Me,' says Soapbox in a very refined way, 'I am a member of the Intelligence Corpse doing secret service for the Kitchen Police.' This ain't funny on account of when Soapbox looks up he finds that the feet belong to a gold leaf what promptly gives him a one-way chat on how we got to win the war and everybody's got to work together on account of cooperation is necessary seeing as how in union there is strength.

"Anyway, Soapbox figures out to himself tha if there is strength in union then what is neede is a union so we should have a lot of strength The more he thinks about this idea the better h likes it, so right away he calls a meeting an elects himself the treasurer, and then he goe out and starts getting members.

"Pretty soon, on account of Soapbox is a ver convincing speaker because he talks with hi hands and once he took elocution lessons a Daly's Gymnasium and Pool Emporium, he i got all the men on the post what he is statione at signed up in the UMW what stands for Unite Military Workers.

"The UMW is a exceedingly powerful organ ization. In fact, they is so powerful that the elect a committee composed of several character which go up to the commanding officer of th post and makes a request that the name K ought to be changed to mess attendant.

"This the CO don't want to do on account o he is a old KP pusher, so he makes a counte offer which is also to change the name KP pushe to mess-attendant agitator.

"This is okay with the UMW so everything i settled.

"Soapbox is now a very happy GI. In fact h is so happy that pretty soon he makes up an other committee of characters what goes bac to the CO and makes a request that reveille b held at 8 A.M. and retreat at 4 P.M. with a hou off to lunch.

"This also the CO don't want to do until h hears the picket line in front of his office what singing the union song, 'Praise the Lord, Sho Your Union Card and Pass the Ammunition When he hears this, the CO sees what he is u against so he gives in to the request.

"All in all, things is going from better to bette for the UMW, and finally Soapbox makes an other committee of characters what goes up t the CO with what they inform him is the la demand that they will make.

"They want that the girls what work in the P should give service to all GIs alike, even if som soldiers don't own no automobiles.

"The CO is in a tough spot. Girls is hard t get. So he calls in a committee of the PX doll They refuse the demands of the UMW on accour of they claim that they got principles which the got to live up to. The CO can't do nothing exce turn down the demand of the UMW.

"This is a disastrophe on account of, to mak a long story short, the UMW goes out on a strik The CO and Soapbox have a conference and de cide to let the War Labor Board do the decidin

"So the WLB comes to the post, and they liste to Soapbox, and they look at the girls from th PX and decide in favor of the girls. Soapbo don't like this on account of he claims the gir brought pressure because they all wear sweate to the meeting which he claims makes every thing obvious to him. Anyhow, because he don like the decision of the WLB, he keeps his me out on strike.

"This makes the situation worse and wors and finally the President goes on the radio an makes a chat at the fireside and tells all the G to go back to work on account of the governme is taking over the post and is going to mov in the Army to keep peace. The next day th Army comes and they tell all the UMW strike that they can go back to work and nobody wi say nothing. The guys in the UMW is now wo ried on account of they ain't signed no pay ro for a while, so they all go back to work.

"All except Soapbox. He is a very happy Jo at this time and figures that he is big shot enoug to buck the President of the U. S., so he won go back to work.

"This leaves the Army nothing to do so the do it. They discharge Soapbox on account of h won't go back to work."

Hopeless gets all through with the story abou Soapbox and bums a cigarette from No Nos There is silence except from Big Nose what say "What is finally happening to Soapbox?"

Hopeless takes a drag on the butt. "What is fina ly happening to Soapbox is that he is in Africa.

"In Africa?" says Big Nose. "What is he doin there?"

"He is there with the Army," says Hopeless.

Me, I can't figure the thing out, so I ask a ver foolish question. "Didn't you say," says I, "th Soapbox was out of the Army?"

"He was," says Hopeless, "but on account o he wouldn't do no work in a vital industry o otherwise he is drafted, so now he is in Africa.

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The Close Shavers Club

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA — Out here where a man's last line of defense is often nothing more than the skin of his teeth, a group called the Close Shavers has come into being. They are men who have come within an inch, or a fraction thereof, of having their dog tags hung on wooden crosses.

There's Lt. Edgar W. Keller of Eastanollee, Ga., bombardier on a USAAF Liberator. His parachute was the hero in his close shave. Keller had released his bombs over the target on a recent run, and was settling down for the ride home, when an ack-ack shell burst in front of the B-24, sending a piece of shrapnel through the plane's plexiglas nose.

The shrapnel, heading straight for Keller's chest, struck a metal fastener on his chute harness and ricocheted upward. Keller found a dent in the fastener, a jagged hole through the ceiling, but no broken skin or bones.

Capt. G. B Whitlock of Boise, Idaho, and the crew of his bomber had close shaves not once but three times recently. After bombing an Axis supply point, Whitlock's ship wandered into some barrage balloons. This was shave No. 1, and No. 2 came when they whacked into a cable-bomb hanging from one of the balloons. The explosion knocked out the plane's hydraulic system, which led to shave No. 3. The plane had to land in the dark on one wheel only, which the crew had laboriously let down with the hand crank. But no one was hurt.

Returning from its objective, a USAAF Liberator was jumped by a pack of ME-109s, which sent several bursts through her torso. The B-24 eluded the pack by diving at more than 300 mph, during which time the pilot discovered that one of the Jerry bursts had cut one of his control cables. The word went through the ship, and while the Liberator continued its long plunge, Sgt. Charles A. Lawson of Pittsburgh, Pa., located the break and spliced it with wire torn from a rations box. The repair was completed just in time to allow the pilot to pull the ship out of the dive.

I Love You, I Love You

AUSTRALIA—A sailor walked into a post office and put down $65 to pay for a cable to his girl back in the U.S. He wrote his message, pouring out his love in endearing, 4-shilling phrases, handed it across the counter and started out.

"Your change, sir," the clerk reminded him.

"Change?" asked the sailor. "If there's any change just use it up saying 'I love you.' "

Obliging post-office authorities reaffirmed his love 28 times.

Strafing an Itie convoy of trucks and armored cars, Lt. Arlie W. Clayton of Dublin, Ga., got in the way of a 20-mm shell which exploded inside the plane, breaking his oil line and filling his leg with shrapnel. He belly-landed a mile or so from the convoy he'd been strafing and found himself in the midst of a brisk land battle. He thumbed a ride from a British armored car, which appeared. The car commander told Clayton that he couldn't stop and open up but that Clayton was welcome to ride on top if he wanted to.

Clayton climbed aboard, ducking behind the turret whenever the driver gave the signal to do so. He stayed there until the fighting was over and then got a ride back to camp.

Slugs in his ship's cooling system compelled Lt. William B. Campbell of Blissfield, Mich., to leave a dogfight and seek a place to land. He limped over the front and saw a nice looking field about a half mile behind the Allied lines. He landed and was ready to jump out of the cockpit when he noticed soldiers at the edge of the field waving frantically at him.

"You're in a mine field," they yelled.

Somehow or other, Campbell had landed and taxied down the length of an uncleared mine field, miraculously avoiding the hundreds of explosives planted there.

He crawled out on a wing tip and waited until sappers cleared a path to him; then he taxied his P-40 to safety.

Brig. Gen. Auby Strickland, grizzled and beloved Alabaman who commands Uncle Sam's desert air task force, didn't have any idea when he crawled into his cot at a forward airdrome recently that he was going to qualify for membership in the Close Shavers.

In the dead of night a wandering JU-88 dropped a 500-pounder less than 100 yards away from the

Yanks at Home Abroad

MEN AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 9TH BOMBER COMMAND IN NORTH AFRICA GATHER ROUND TO LISTEN TO A TALK BY VISITING GEN. HENRY H. ARNOLD.

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general's tent. A hail of shrapnel went through it, slicing the tent wall to ribbons. But somehow the shrapnel parted when it reached the cot, some going above and some below the sleeping commander. Two or three pieces went through the length of the general's suitcase, shredding a carton of cigarettes. As a parting gesture, one piece of shrapnel took out the seat of his GI long-handles, which were hanging up, and deposited the patch on a rations box.

THE crew of a transport plane recently got into the ranks of the Close Shavers. In the mountains they were heading toward a pass when they suddenly ran into pea-soup weather. The plane began to ice up, and soon the altimeter, among other instruments, froze. The pilot's compartment likewise was iced and visibility was nil except for an occasional glimpse of ground above—not below—as the plane wove in and out along the mountainsides. Altitude became a matter of guesswork, the pilot trying to shove his ice-caked plane to a height where he would be reasonably certain to miss the peaks. But the plane went into a stall, dropping several hundred feet, as the occupants bumped their heads against the metal roof. At that moment a lucky updrift caught the flying iceberg and gave it a shove, just clearing it of the top of the range.

Lt. Col. Robert Parham, Oklahoman and ex-newsman who heads the Ninth Air Force's public relations office, experienced his close shave during one of his trips to the front. He arrived at a forward post late in the day and had just turned in for the night when a roving Jerry chose the colonel's camp site as the target for his 500-pounder. The blast almost turned the colonel's tent wrong side out. He woke up on the ground beside his cot, covers and all, but no parts missing.

Five men at a forward U. S. bomber base can thank an unsuspecting mess sergeant for being alive. The five, going about their KP business, spotted a line of strafing ME-109s coming at the camp. They dived for cover. That cover happened to be a brand new QM bake oven just delivered to the base. They crowded inside the oven and through the fire door watched a stream of machine-gun slugs stir a pile of potato peelings they had just left.

There's a New Wolf in the Pacific; They Say His Name Is Flash Gordon

AN ADVANCED PACIFIC BASE—It probably isn't true, but almost every dogface down here will tell you the story of the New Zealand *Sheila* who wrote an indignant letter to the adjutant of an outfit that had moved from that British outpost.

A certain private, she declared, had mentioned matrimony, but there had been no word from him since the outfit left. Would the adjutant find him?

The GI had given his name as Flash Gordon.

—YANK Field Correspondent

One of the first groups of U. S. troops to land on Attu returns the fire of Jap snipers in the hills.

Up in Attu, Your Tail Drags in the Mud While Sand Blows Into Your Eyes

AN ADVANCED ALEUTIAN BASE—Most of the weird places where Americans are fighting today were generally familiar before the war to the GIs, their next of kin and girl friends in those travel movies which began: "Come with us to beautiful Boola Boola, etc." and ended: "And so we sail away from Boola Boola, land of enchantment and picturesque pottery makers."

With the help of the movies we had all seen something of North Africa, the South Seas, India, Australia, Hawaii and the British Isles.

But who had ever heard of Attu?

Of all our battlefields, this latest one, a miserable mote on the Pacific map, is the least known, and yet its veterans will bring back just as good tales as the ones that will come from Tunisia.

For nasty climate and terrain, the Aleutians are in a class by themselves and Attu stands well up among the worst of these islands.

From a distance they look striking and even beautiful (when the fog doesn't bury them), their jagged mountains blazing white where the sun hits the snow, or blue in the shadow, and the lower slopes showing a strange delicate pink. But the attraction apparent on a plane or ship some distance from the islands changes to an enthusiastic loathing once you set foot on the Aleutian earth itself.

There is no printable description of what the islands are like unless it's the GI greeting that awaits each new arrival:

"Listen, this is the only place in the world where you can stand in mud up to your tail and have sand blow in your eyes at the same time."

That remark pretty well covers the subject except that it neglects the snow, which is still clinging to the hills out here.

When you come ashore the surface that looked pink from the air or sea turns out to be a drab expanse of tundra grass the color of faded straw. It's about the length of wheat straw, too, but instead of standing up, the grass clings to the contour of the hummocky ground. These hummocks make the worst possible marching surface. They rise in height from a foot to a yard and are spaced a few feet apart, so that the land up as far as the snow line puts you in mind of the old concrete-tank obstacles on the Maginot Line, if you can imagine them sodded and covered with tan grass.

You can't walk on that stuff the way you've been walking all your life. You have to develop an entirely new style—a special tundra gait which makes ordinary clodhopping look as graceful as the ballet. Sometimes this surface is buried under snow, sometimes it's mud in which a man may flounder to his armpits and sometimes it's firm and dusty.

A broader contour study discloses an extension of the tundra hummocks on a bigger scale; that is, there is almost no level ground. Each island is an aggregate of small hills, medium hills and rugged mountains. You take very few steps on the flat. The shortest trip—from tent to mess hall, for example—generally involves passing over a hill of some kind, and to go from the center of a camp to an outpost is a major feat of cross-country hiking and mountain climbing.

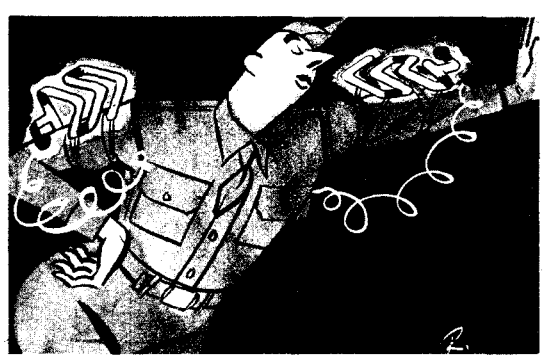
The coast lines are likewise extravagantly irregular. For the most part, the land falls pre-

My, What Beautiful Chevrons You Have, Grandpappy!

AUSTRALIA—A recent order to "get 'em on or else" has caused a weird collection of chevrons to blossom on GI sleeves in these parts.

The reason for the variety is that issue stripes are scarce. Therefore chevrons designers have been at work on their own, having found that for a reasonable price civilian tailors will make chevrons embroidered in fancy colors. Now you can see chevrons either of gray, blue, gold, brown, six shades of green, violet, pink, yellow, purple or white, all with a background of GI khaki. The white ones are called blackout stripes because they can be seen a long way at night.

The most unusual chevrons yet to turn up are brilliant red silk on a suntan khaki background, sewed to the apple-green fatigue sleeves of a T/5 and a master sergeant. So far neon lights have not made their appearance, but may before this story goes to press. Pfcs who have long since given up hope of be-



coming corporals are now equipped with a single stripe in black crepe.

To remedy this stripe situation the Army got from a local manufacturer some chevrons of khaki color worked on a blue-black background, which have to be cut out like paper dolls. One staff sergeant went to work with a scissors on this stuff and after 30 hours' labor finally got his cut-outs ready for his sleeves—only to discover that during the interim he had been busted to private.

—S/Sgt. JERRY LEVY

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First to be decorated at this westernmost Aleutian offensive outpost are Pvt. I. J. Taylor and S/Sgt. D. B. Minter. They receive the Order of the Purple Heart from Brig. Gen. L. E. Jones Sr. and Capt. Arthur Lundin.

cipitously into the sea. Generally beach approaches are rare enough and sufficiently narrow to make the defenders' task seem fairly simple.

Attu is so rough that only one end of it was occupied by the Japs, but there were several bays at that end. This made it possible to achieve landings at several points, but that was just the beginning of the job. After that it was necessary to work up through narrow, snow-filled passes against strong Japanese positions on heights which remain fog-shrouded for days.

The situation was a sort of Arctic Guadalcanal in that a small part of a small, strategic island was being contested, and the really rough stuff began after the landings. People who had seen fighting in the Solomons thought the complete absence of any trees on Attu and the lack of any vegetation except tundra grass and low-growing berries and moss would make the Army's job easier than that which the Marines faced when they landed in the Guadalcanal jungle. But the contour of the Aleutians presents an obstacle as formidable as jungle creepers and the lack of vegetation forces the attacker to advance without much cover.

All possible sea and air support had been provided but, as always, the conclusive thrust was delivered by the man on the ground. And in this case the doughboy plugged over ground as bad as any that ever was turned into a battlefield.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Quick Thinking

HAWAII—For quick thinking there ought to be a prize for a certain MP here who, on the morning of a scheduled inspection, decided to hide out until it was over.

The inspection went off well. The colonel complimented the men on their clean-cut appearance and well-bucked equipment. Then on an impulse he decided to have a look at the bomb shelters.

As he stuck his head in the door of the first one, he flushed our MP from his hiding place. The soldier hopped up from a bench, snapped to attention, gave the colonel a brisk salute, and reported:

"All bomb shelters present and accounted for, sir!"

—Sgt. F. S. MILLER

GIs From the Air Forces Have Their Own Jockey Club in Brazil

WITH THE USAAF IN BRAZIL—"Hey, Chet. They just found your horse."

The young private sitting on his cot looks up in surprise and exclaims: "Hell! I thought I was rid of the danged thing. Thanks; I'll pick him up in the morning."

The action takes place not in the West but at an Army Air Force base in South America.

The soldier sitting on the cot is one of the GIs at this overseas base who have gathered one of the most unusual assortments of pets imaginable.

Chet is from Brooklyn. Before he came here, he'd never in his life been in a saddle except the time he rode the merry-go-round at Steeplechase Park in Coney Island. Here he invested some of his earnings in a horse and saddle. Now, after a few months of practice, Chet rides well.

Evenings after work Chet and his friends saddle their horses and go riding just outside the camp, whipping up clouds of dust. Until recently each man kept his mount hitched to one of his tent ropes, but a post ruling banned that practice and horses, ponies and burros now must be kept outside the base.

Of all the various pets, perhaps the most unusual is a long-nosed anteater with a beautiful brown coat. Runners-up for novelty are two tiny honey bears that tag along after their masters like the dogs which are here in abundance.

There are also monkeys, large and small. They are friendly and playful and require almost as much attention as babies. During the day their owners tie them to trees.

Among winged pets, parrots with brilliant plumage predominate.

The parrot that gets star billing is one known as Jasper. Nobody has been able to catch Jasper and he is a source of annoyance to the whole camp. He has earned his unpopularity by perching on the tent ropes early in the morning and screeching at the top of his lungs—a practice that invariably brings a shower of GI shoes.

Jasper speaks the national language of this country—Portuguese, but it would never do to translate his remarks in mixed company.

In addition to the parrots, there are several cages outside the barracks containing canaries and lovebirds.

"It's a good thing," one soldier remarked, "that the largest animals around here are horses. If we were in India, some of these fellows would tackle elephants."

—Pfc. NAT G. BODIAN
YANK Field Correspondent

Tombstones on These Graves In Tunisia Didn't Stand Translation

TUNISIA—Out here you run into all sorts of guys with all sorts of stories to tell.

There are the three Yanks, for instance, who returned to Gafsa with the first wave of infantry after the Germans moved out. There they found their girl friends, who were very happy to see them. It seems that the gals had thought the guys were dead and buried, so they had found three American "graves" over which they spread flowers and said a few prayers.

When the Yanks heard about this, they asked to see the "graves," so the gals escorted them to three small mounds. Each "grave" had a small sign at the head of it. It read LATRINE CLOSED.

Everywhere you go you bump into guys who are doing something that is similar to the kind of work they used to do in pre-khaki days. Pvt. John Morton of New York City is a case in point. John used to be the assistant organist at St. Bartholomew's Church on Park Avenue in New York City. Now he's the chaplain's assistant at an evacuation hospital. Every night he goes from ward to ward playing request numbers ranging from "Star Dust" to "St. Louis Blues," on a small field organ. He even holds jam sessions, with patients and visiting ambulance drivers filling in on other instruments.

Another happy GI is T/5 William Safford of Columbus, Ohio. He puts up tents, any kind of tents—the bigger the better.

"These tents are cinch jobs," he says. "I used to be a canvas man for Ringling Bros."

Then there were the two American soldiers who were driving a truck full of Itie prisoners when suddenly the truck broke down and a swarm of Jerry planes started dropping eggs.

The Americans decided to leave the Ities to themselves, along with the broken truck, and hiked on into town. After a long hike of several hours the two guys arrived in town and 30 minutes later, the Italians drove in with the truck.

They had fixed it and were determined to give themselves up.

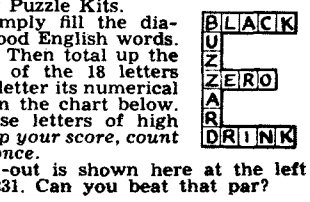
—YANK Field Correspondent

TEE-TOTAL

PRIZES are given to the GIs who submit the highest Tee-Total scores in each contest. If you haven't tried this word game, get started now. It's lots of fun, and besides you may win one of YANK's big Puzzle Kits.

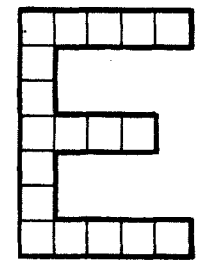
Here's how: Simply fill the diagram with four good English words. No proper nouns. Then total up the numerical values of the 18 letters used, giving each letter its numerical value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use letters of high value. *In adding up your score, count each letter only once.*

A sample work-out is shown here at the left with a score of 231. Can you beat that par?



LETTER VALUES

A	3	N	5
B	17	O	1
C	7	P	16
D	14	Q	4
E	2	R	12
F	11	S	6
G	19	T	13
H	25	U	15
I	20	V	23
J	9	W	22
K	24	X	21
L	8	Y	10
M	18	Z	26



Score ..... Submitted by

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Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue for entries from the U. S., within one month for overseas entries. [5/18]

Where Do We Go From Here? Five Yanks Now in Garden of Eden

AN AIRPORT IN IRAQ—One of Uncle Sam's smallest operating units is a five-man ATC outfit stationed on the fringes of the ancient Garden of Eden. It serves as passenger agent, maintenance crew and refueling gang for planes stopping on this route of the ATC's Middle East web.

Commanding officer of the midget garrison is 1st Lt. M. S. Najjar of Cedartown, Ga. His command contains Sgts. Henry L. Pospisil, Ladysmith, Wis.; Howard S. Russell, Kansas City, Mo., and Gilbert Randolph, Owensboro, Ky., and Pfc. Gordon Eversoll, Humboldt, Iowa.

Nearest city to their desert airport is Baghdad.

Party a la Iceland. Soldiers take their girl friends to the Red Cross Rec Center for something that looks like ice cream but is really a fresh-fruit cocktail.

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Fighting MP

After battling Arabs in Africa, Fascists in Spain and Germans in France, the task of guarding a U. S. Army jail in England bores this military cop silly.

"All I could see was that big black-bearded Moor with the knife in his hand."

He carried his gun through enemy fire for 100 yards and held off the foe.

By Sgt. WALT PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—Pvt. Harry B. Wilson, an Army cop with a nasty 7-inch scar across his chest—a souvenir from a knife-wielding Moor in Spain—closed the big iron-barred door in the guardhouse. The clanging of the metal resounded all over the old English jail that serves Wilson and his friends as a clink.

Inside the cells GIs who had gone wrong, with Ps painted on the backs of their fatigues, were playing high-low-jack. Others were reading old magazines from the States; some were writing letters to people back there.

"This is a dizzy war," Wilson said. "I've been in more battles than most of the guys in Africa, and there isn't an inch of ground from Casablanca to Cairo that I don't know. But they put me in the MPs here in England."

At 25, Wilson already is a veteran of three foreign armies, including the French Foreign Legion. He fought the Arabs in Africa, Fascists in Spain and the Germans in France. He was wounded three times and torpedoed once. He was reported among the dead in one battle.

"The French decorated me with the *Croix de Guerre* and *Medaille de Colonies*," Wilson said. "The Spanish Loyalists gave me the *Croix de Service* and *Palme d'Heroisme*. And the U. S. Army handed me an MP brassard."

Wilson started his campaigning at an early age. At 12, when most kids are still tucked into bed at 9 P.M., he left his home at Anaheim, Calif., and "beat it to Los Angeles." There he tried to stow away on a ship called the *SS Harvard* but a crew member threw him off.

"Lucky thing he did," Wilson said, "because the ship struck a reef. A lot of people died."

This experience didn't dampen his desire to sail, however. He ran away several times after that "but the cops always managed to bring me back home." Wilson didn't like cops in those days, but now that he's a cop himself, he feels differently toward them.

When Wilson was 15, his mother signed for him and he got a job as a potato peeler on a ship sailing between San Francisco and New York, via the Panama Canal and Havana. A couple of years later he was a seasoned seaman. He had been to every important port in the world.

He wasn't quite 18 when his boat docked at Algiers. There, together with three of his ship-

The men marched through the Pyrenees. Only half reached the French border.

He met an English girl in a London shelter during an air raid and married her.

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mates, he jumped ship and joined the Foreign Legion. "From then on it's been one battle after another," Wilson said.

In the Legion they used to go on training marches for three and four days. A guy either toughened up or died. If a guy dropped out of the march, an officer would beat his face with leather gloves or a quirt. They meant business there. When they weren't training they were fighting Arabs. But those fights were nothing. "Nobody ever was killed except a few of the Arabs."

When the Spanish Civil War broke out, Wilson's CO said any man who wanted to join the Republican side could, so Wilson and a man from his home town, Joe Daniels, signed up with the International Brigade.

The Loyalists made a machine gunner out of Wilson. He got around. His most bitter experience was during the main action at the River Ebro. Daniels was killed in that fight, and Wilson picked up the ugly scar on his chest.

"We never were scared of the Italians or the Spanish," Wilson said. "The thing that got us down was the Moors. They believe that unless they mutilate their victim's body beyond recognition, his spirit will rise and haunt them. What they used to do to our men is too sickening to talk about. They'd cut their ears off, dissect their testicles and slit their stomachs wide open until the bowels burst out. I was holding down a position with my gun when the Moors broke through one day. They charged at us on horses and I think I must have killed about 50 of them. But they kept coming, God knows from where. One of them got behind me and before I could do anything, he had a knife in my chest. All I could see what that big black-bearded Moor with the knife in his hand.

"I thought I was a sure goner then. But when I regained consciousness I was back of the lines. Somebody removed me before the Moors could complete their job on me."

After recovering from his wound, Wilson took part in the defense of Madrid, where he won his *Palme d'Heroisme*. He carried his gun straight through ehemy fire for 100 yards and held off the foe while his buddies moved to better defensive positions. He was wounded in the head by shrapnel on this occasion, but not before the battalion commander saw what he did.

After his work at Madrid, Wilson was assigned to what later was called the "Lost Battalion." Defeat was near and the battalion was ordered to France. For four months the men marched through the Pyrenees. They dug under snow for berries. Sometimes they were able to shoot a sheep or some other small animal, but usually they starved. When the battalion reached the French border only half of the 600 men in the unit were alive.

Wilson returned to America to visit his family, but a few weeks later he was on the go again. As before, he went on a boat as a seaman and jumped it at Le Havre, where he rejoined the Foreign Legion and returned to Algiers.

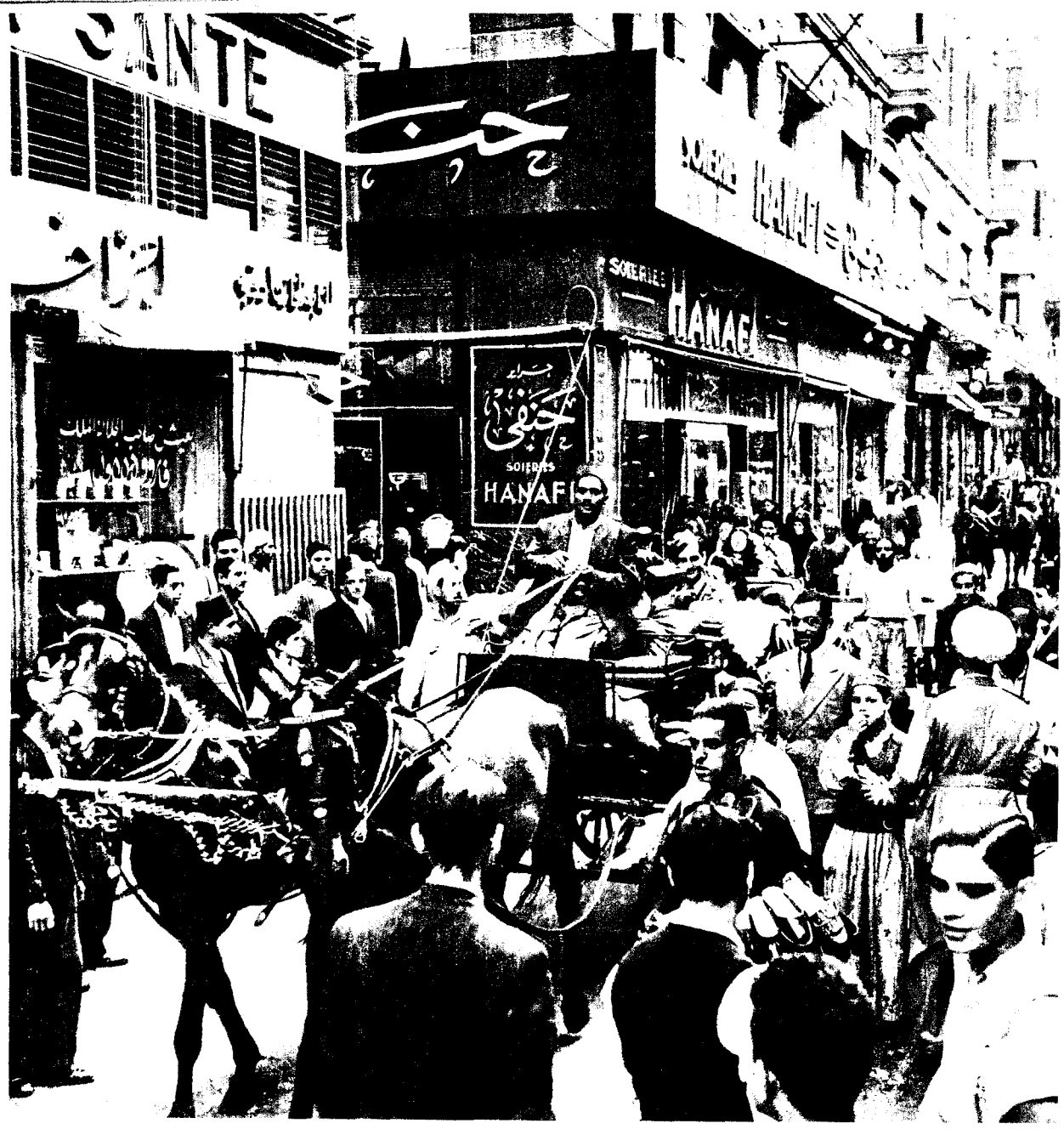
A month before Hitler invaded Poland, Wilson's outfit was shifted to France. "Once we got into the war I was fighting all over the country, always on the march back," he said. He was a sergeant then. A general happened to be around when, wounded in the shoulder, Wilson led six men to wipe out five machine-gun nests. That's how he got his *Croix de Guerre*.

With the fall of France Wilson escaped to England, where he joined the Canadian Army. He met an English girl in a London shelter during an air raid. They married in November 1941. Several months later he was not so lucky. He was caught in an air raid and knocked around by some shrapnel. This hospitalized him for four months and ended by his getting a medical discharge from the Canadian Army.

"I found getting work tough in those days, so I went back to the sea," Wilson said. His ship was torpedoed during a trip from Norfolk, Va., to England, and Wilson spent the next four days in a lifeboat.

"We were rescued by a Canadian ship and brought to Halifax," he continued, "but eventually I returned to my wife in England. I figured I should settle down for a while, be a model husband and all that. But you know how the Army bug gets you. I needed a rest from all this peace. It got too quiet. So I regained my American citizenship and signed up in the U.S. Army."

Wilson said he asked for a fighting man's job, but they put him in the MPs. "Imagine me an MP," he said disgustedly.



There's plenty to do in Cairo on pass. Here Yanks have hired a gharry to take their dates to the bazaar.

3-Day Pass in Cairo

By S Sgt. ARTHUR J. GUTMAN

MIDDLE EAST—You've been working in the desert for two months. Doesn't seem so long, but you're sick of it. Nothing but sand, wind and soldiers. You're tired of your mess kit, tired of the food, tired of your buddies. You want to see some new faces, eat at a table and take a hot bath. Even the pay-day poker games have lost their zip.

Then a new rumor spreads that three-day passes are being given out. You grab the first sergeant. He confirms the rumor. Can you get a pass? Sure, if your section head approves. Off you go and corral your section head. Without a bit of hesitation he makes out a slip of approval and you take it with trembling hands back to the first sergeant.

Two days of keeping your fingers crossed and being doubly careful to police around your bunk. Then the first sergeant says that the CO says okay, only don't go get too drunk and remember to come back.

Cairo is the destination. City of Cleopatra, mysterious romances under a moon that shines brightly on the Nile, the one and only Nile, famous in song and story; the Pyramids, the Sphinx. The guy who makes out the passes in the orderly room gives you a break. Makes out the pass from 12 noon, and you take off at 9 A. M.

You stand on the road that runs through the desert. Traveling light: tooth brush and shaving kit, your camera, of course, and two extra rolls of 6-20 film, more precious out here than diamonds. Several trucks stop but they are not going through and you can't take a chance. Then a semi-trailer loaded with airplane engines pulls up. "Where to?" "Cairo." "Cairo?" "Righto, mate, the whole way." And on you hop. It's greasy, it's cold and windy, and the sand gets in your hair and eyes. But who cares? You're off to Cairo with money in your pocket.

And then you get to Cairo. Some place. Taxis and gharrys, modern buildings and huts, wide streets that are lit at night, pastry shops (oh, those pastries), bars, restaurants, hotels. Soldiers, soldiers and still more soldiers. Pretty girls, beggars and dragomen, and above all and always with us, the cry of "*baksheesh*." And the smell; oh, that smell. I may forget the Nile, the Sphinx, the Pyramids, even Cairo, but never the smell.

"Buy ring, American, real diamond, 5 pound. You give 2 pound? Okey-dokey, 10 *piasters*."

"Carriage to Zoological Garden, Yankee, 30 *piasters*, no 20. Okay, 10. Hey wait, American, 5."

"Sergeant, I am a licensed agent by police, here are my credentials. See Pyramids and Sphinx. Blue Mosque, no? Bazaars, Mousky, no? Want girl, lovely girl? *Baksheesh*."

"Hey, American, real French post card, souvenir of Cairo. Want a guide? Shine sergeant's shoes? *Baksheesh*."

Groppi's ice cream. Almost like home. Dancing. Tango, waltz, fox trot. The Fighting French cavalryman you drink with, who tells you quietly and earnestly that he would kill Laval with his bare hands and then gladly die. You click glasses, "*Vive la France*." The Tommy back from four months in the blue, who drove a General Grant in the last do, and his pal, a Canadian in the RAF. Both letting off the accumulated steam of months.

The pretty Palestinian ATS gals that you date. The Yugoslav aviator who buys you a drink and stands and grins since he can't speak English. The Jock who won't leave your side after you declaim, "Scots whae hae wi' Wallace bled." The orchestra playing the "Blue Danube" and the sergeant gunner who spends the evening trying to

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On leave, these four sergeants take their girls to a coffee garden near the pyramids of Egypt. Left to right: S/Sgt. Vance Brown, M/Sgt. Harold Dease, M/Sgt. Joseph Tray and S/Sgt. John A. Cook.

get it to play "Can't Get Georgia Off My Mind."

The gal who only dances with officers; "*Voulez-vous danser avec moi, mademoiselle, s'il vous plait?*" "With my husband's permission, American." "Oh." And the civilians who sit and watch, much like the ancient Romans at the Circus.

But 10:30 comes. Back to the Grand. Music over. No more drinks. You hope no one is sleeping in your bed.

The next day it's the Pyramids and the Sphinx. "Ride a horse to the Pyramids, American, no? Sergeant, see Sphinx from camel." It's a long tramp up the hill. The cab drivers and the ones who have the horse-and-camel concession are in cahoots. The cabs take you to their stand, stop and you are surrounded by horse and camel drivers. No urging can make the cab driver go farther.

You finally get tired arguing, pile out of the cab and fight off the guys who want to rent you horses and camels. Then you battle through the second line of resistance: "Expert guide, sergeant. Licensed by government. Special prices to Americans. See, credentials." You take a deep breath (something you cannot do in the city limits of Cairo), look at that long steep climb up to the Pyramids and, if you are faint-hearted, back you go and hire a horse or camel. You practically buy it. If you are stout-hearted (or broke) you climb the hill, every inch of the way being contested by guides and venders of "genuine sacred scarabs, stolen right from the tomb of the Pharaoh."

Reaching the top, you take a quick gander at the three big pyramids and six little ones. Then you dash down to see the Sphinx, pursued by five lads who for a nominal fee will escort you inside the Great Pyramid of Cheops. You look at the Sphinx, say "No" to all the photographers there and climb to the top of the Temple of the Sphinx to take a photo (the best ones are made from there), kicking at the face of the old fakir who hangs out there. He sticks to your heels the whole time that you are climbing, trying to sell you on the idea of having your fortune told. Then you run the gantlet back, get something cold in a nice long glass at the Mena House, and hurry back to Cairo for noontime chow.

That chow in Cairo. Mixed grill, chicken, steak, ham omelettes, fried eggs and bacon. Pickles, pickled onions, lettuce-and-tomato salad, Russian salad. Ice cream and pastries. What pastries! All kinds: custards, eclairs, cream puffs, tarts; just one *piaster* apiece. And coffee, real coffee—Turkish, regular or iced.

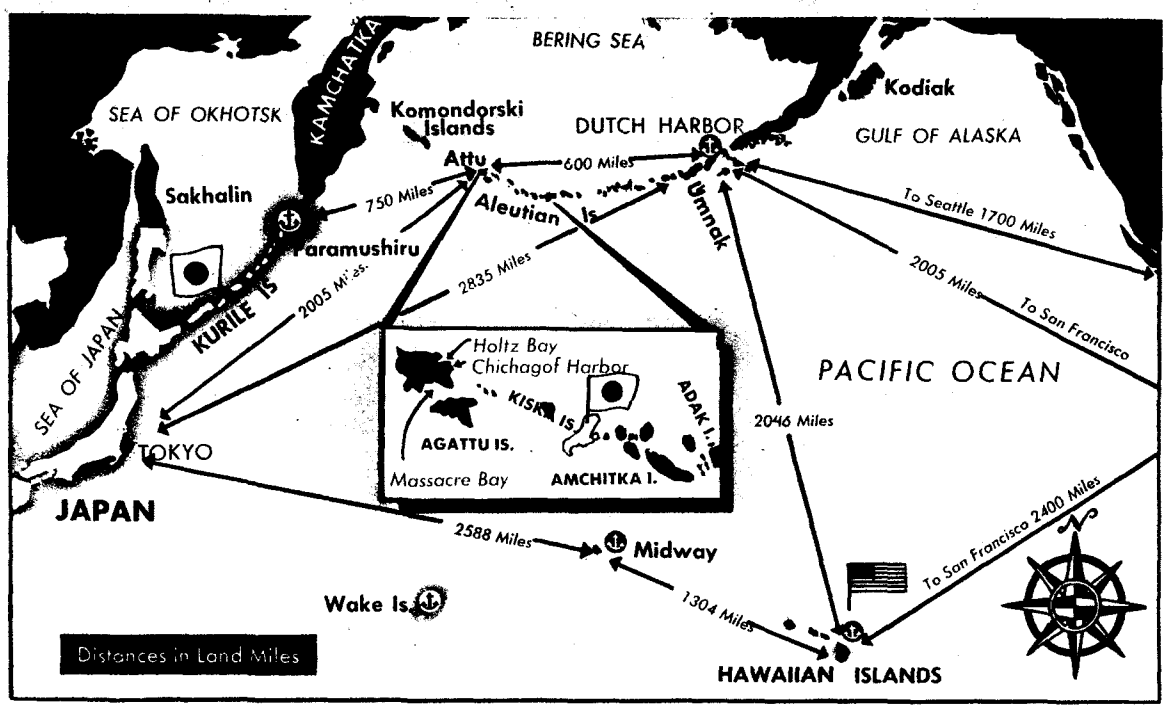
Cairo, will a soldier on leave from the desert ever forget your food?

The juke joints down on Sharia Emad El Dine. The Maori jitterbugging. He learned it from some colored American soldiers in England. The brown-skinned entertainers in very little more than their skins. Beer, American beer, 40 cents a can; "confections" for the gals who come sit with you, 60 cents a drink. High price for water. The band, not good but loud. American jazz a la Ellington. Hot, in the groove. Soldiers, soldiers, soldiers. White, black, yellow, brown. Sihks, Gurkhas, Marathas, Tommies, Jocks, Aussies, Kiwis, Poles, Czechs, Slavs, Greeks, Yanks, French. Smoke and smells. The glamor of the East.

Then, all of a sudden, it's over. You stand beside the road back to the desert with an armful of junk bought in the bazaars. Bought in self defense so that the shopkeepers would stop pouring tea down your throat. You wonder where you are going to get paper and cardboard to pack your purchases, and hope that there is a place "somewhere in the western desert" where they will develop the three rolls of film in your pocket. A truck passes, another slows down. Good; he is going to the crossroads near your post. You swing on carefully; mustn't mash that box of pastries you bought at the last minute. You huddle down in a corner to keep out of the wind and sand, and you sleep, contented and full, happy and broke.

I'll never forget that three-day pass in Cairo, or those pastries.

How Does Capture of Attu Change the Pacific War?



REOCCUPATION of Attu island by U. S. forces is one of the most significant developments of the war in the Pacific. Its effects will be far-reaching and important. Here, briefly, is what it does:

1. Brings us within long-range-bomber distance of Japan's big naval base of Paramushiru and theoretically within range of Tokyo, thus carrying the war directly to Japan. The intervening sea area is almost constantly fog-covered, giving us the advantage of concealment. Japan must now keep sufficient planes and ships at home to protect her main islands. If she withdraws fleet strength from the Guam area to the Kuriles, she exposes herself to attack via Hawaii, Wake, Guam and Midway. If she weakens her strength in the South Pacific, Gen. MacArthur and Admiral Halsey will profit.

2. Protects us against invasion from Japan by giving us naval and air control of the North Pacific and naval and air bases close to Japan; re-establishes a valuable weather station at the end of the Aleutian chain, leaves the 10,000 Japs on Kiska without supply lines.

The battle of the North Pacific which began just about a year ago has not received the attention it deserves. The area is the largest fog-covered section in the world. The islands are almost uninhabited because nothing grows there except slippery, straw-like tundra grass. The weather is Arctic, with 60 below zero common, snow and sleet chronic, little darkness in summer and little light in winter. To make matters worse hurricanes called williwaws spring up often and without warning. The coasts are rocky, dangerous for naval operations, and the air ceiling is usually zero. Every action calls for the closest cooperation between Army and Navy units.

Here, too briefly to do justice to the rugged campaigners in the far north, is a description of what's happened up there.

For years Jap fishermen explored the waters of the Aleutians while fishing for the large crabs which abound there. On June 3, 1942, with a thorough knowledge of what they faced, the Japs headed for Attu, Kiska and Dutch Harbor with at least two carriers, two cruisers and plenty of force. But they didn't know we had built air bases in the Andreanofs, and they didn't figure Navy airmen could handle PBY flying boats as dive bombers.

Two furious days, mainly of air fighting, beat the Japs off and they had to be content with Attu, Agattu and Kiska, 600 miles from Dutch Harbor. They reinforced these garrisons on June 12. U. S. naval operations during this period were so intense that more than 100 decorations were bestowed, and the C-I-C Pacific Fleet radioed: "I am confident that you will keep on accomplishing the impossible."

Our side peppered the Japs by air all summer from Umnak, 600 miles away, despite the impossible weather. Meantime we completed landing strips in the Andreanofs which brought fighter planes within 200 miles of Kiska. The engineers put down one strip solid enough for B-24s in 15 days, and the big planes began running in on Kiska below the fog bank, getting down to 50 feet at times, although the island terrain in their path was mountainous. In October 1942 the Japs evidently abandoned Agattu under heavy pounding by our aerial operations. By Jan. 12, 1943, Lt. Gen. Buckner was able to disclose that airfields were operating out of Amchitka, only 70 miles from Kiska, and from nearby Adak. Meanwhile the Japs had been using the fog cover to reinforce their garrisons with sizable forces.

That's how it stood on Mar. 26, when a naval action gave our side an opening. Six U. S. ships took on a Jap convoy of twice its size on an unusually clear day off the Russian Komandorski Islands. Rear Admiral C. H. McMorris could have withdrawn with honor. Instead he twice ran the length of the Jap line and sent three destroyers into the Jap cruisers in a maneuver so daring that the Japs, believing we must have a lot more strength coming up over the horizon, turned and ran at the end of the fourth hour. This was old-time Navy fighting without air support.

This advantage was followed up on May 11 with the movement of Infantry and Artillery forces against Holtz Bay and Massacre Bay on Attu, pinching off the Japanese occupation army and forcing it back on Chichagof Harbor. Brilliant Army and Navy cooperation and a sound campaign drove a wedge down the Chichagof Valley, separating the Japs into two pockets so that by May 25 they were no longer an effective striking force. The Infantry had the toughest kind of time in this battle, with drizzly rain, sleet, waist-deep snow and 3,000-foot mountains to contend with. Air support from the Andreanof bases was solid.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL 1 NO 52
JUNE 18, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

The Dead

FROM home today we got a page of pictures of boys from our town who have been killed or are missing in action. There were five photographs. Three were portraits of boys whom we've known since grade school. One was a tentmate for more than a year, who left the company to become an aviation cadet; he was killed on a training flight. Another, a pilot, was lost in the Pacific. The third, a navigator, went over France and didn't come back. We were in the same class with those guys from the fourth grade until we split up to go to work.

Few men who have seen combat dwell on the subject of life and death in war. Men die and other men keep up the fight. If this is to be as long and as tough a struggle as all things indicate, most of us in the service will experience the bitter, personal impact of the loss of friends. Many of us already have. In combat we have seen men die. Death is not pretty; but it is war, and we are soldiers.

As an Army we have been accused of lacking hate. Our emotions had been fed by long-range pictures of the suffering of others. We could not really understand without having suffered ourselves.

Our re-education began with Pearl Harbor, and each day since then —from Bataan, from the Pacific islands, from England, Africa, Alaska, China, India, from every ocean—have come hard lessons.

If we lacked hate once, we are now beginning to lack mercy. None who have known war intimately can harbor indifference any longer. Not after the sight of blood.

And it isn't the hate of the propaganda mills, or the aggravation from personal discomfort, or the fleeting anger of some disaster 10,000 miles away.

We remember the dead. Our dead.

"Der Fuehrer is going incognito these days."

STRICTLY G.I.

New OCS Changes

THE WD has announced that within a short time all OCS courses will be increased from three to four months. This change is in line with the cut in OCS classes to a fraction of their original size, and it will enable the schools to give more time to individual officer candidates. The change will have no great effect on the number of OCs brought back from overseas, since this has always depended on shipping facilities for replacements rather than actual quotas. OCS quotas will continue to be distributed among the field forces in this country and overseas and the Army Specialized Training Program. The most drastic reductions will be in the quotas in this country. More than 185,000 Army officers are OCS grads. These include one lieutenant colonel, 16 majors, 2,167 captains, 35,258 first louies, and the rest, of course, shavetails.

Honors

Andrews Field, the first American-built air base in England, was named in honor of Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews, former commander of the ETO, who was killed recently in a plane crash over Iceland. . . . The *USS Harmon*, a Navy destroyer escort ship now under construction, was named after Leonard Roy Harmon, Navy mess attendant who was killed in action aboard the cruiser *San Francisco* at Guadalcanal. . . . A Congressional Medal of Honor has been awarded posthumously to Douglas Munro, Coast Guardsman killed in action at Guadalcanal. Munro was the subject of an editorial in the recent Coast Guard issue of YANK.

The Rainbow Division

The 42d Division of the U. S. Army, better known as the Rainbow Division, will be reconstituted July 14 at Camp Gruber, Okla. The Rainbow Division in the last war was so called because its personnel came from every state and the District of Columbia. One of the COs was Douglas MacArthur, then brigadier general.

Free Books For Overseas GIs

Thirty-five million copies of popular American books will be shipped abroad to the armed services this coming year, says the Council on Books in Wartime. The books will be pocket size, paper-bound and will average 100,000 copies an edition. No educational or technical books are included.

Air-Ground Training Tests

The WD has announced that from now on new Army divisions will round out their combat training in the States with comprehensive air-ground training tests. The tests will be divided into four phases: Identification of friendly aircraft; defense against low-flying air attacks within small-arms range; use of air-ground signals between ground troops and planes, and coordination between troops and planes in attacking enemy land targets with special emphasis on close-in support by aircraft.

GI Shop Talk

The AAF plans to adopt pigeons as a secondary communication method, to be used in case a plane radio gets shot up. . . . The Lunk Trainer is the latest mental obstacle course to test nerves of officers by duplicating the worst conditions of the battle front—or so they say. . . . Among GI papers published in Africa are the *Bush Weekly*, a four-page folder printed in "Bushtown," and *Bonjour*, a semi-tabloid. Both swell jobs. . . . The Navy has developed a plastic life jacket which is both waterproof and fireproof and especially valuable as protection against burning oil in the water.

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

"Were Still Falling"

The British publication *Perspective* reports the following story current in Germany: A Berliner met a man from Cologne and said to him, "The last bombing on Berlin was so heavy that bits of furniture were still falling from buildings three hours after the raid." "That's nothing," replied the man from Cologne. "The last bombing of Cologne was so heavy that three days after the raid, pictures of Hitler were still falling."

Our Secret Weapon

News dispatch from Ernie Pyle, American reporter in Tunisia: "The Germans worked up a terrific respect for our artillery . . . it was so perfect. One Nazi officer, taken prisoner before the collapse, said, when brought into camp: 'I know you're going to kill me, but before you do, would you let me see that automatic artillery of yours?'"

Exit Admiral Yamamoto

The Tokyo radio announced that Emperor Hirohito has bestowed the title of fleet admiral upon Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto and has decorated him with the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum and the Order of the Golden Vulture. All these honors were posthumous, the broadcast added, explaining that Admiral Yamamoto had been killed recently in air combat in the Pacific. The Admiral had announced some time ago that he looked forward to dictating peace terms from the White House.

Quisling Geranium

The increasing number of "accidents" to Quislings in occupied Europe has brought on an epidemic of nervous breakdowns among them. The latest story tells how a Nazi official found the mayor of Liege, Belgium, sitting naked on his desk, pouring ink on his head and proclaiming he was a geranium. The Nazi official was "horrified" and put the mayor at once in a strait jacket, which, the story added, "may well have been his object."

Castor-Oil Treatment

Huge quantities of castor oil, says the British news agency Reuters, have been recovered by Allied salvage units from dumps abandoned by the Italians. The oil was used by the Italians for medicinal purposes and for "political education."

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Varie

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Cpl. Ralph Kniffin, about to meet his shadow, was thrown by this Brahma bull during a big all-servicemen's rodeo at the IRTC, Camp Roberts, Calif.

Even a wild Aleutian blizzard didn't stop this U. S. navy pilot from carrying out a patrol bombing flight.

HAPPY WARRIOR S/Sgt. D. Andus got the Purple Heart overs and mail from home at the same ti

IN THE BATHERS Southern California beaches being closed to public, this bunch of Warner Bros. starlets had to take to this swimming pool in Hollywood.

FAMILY T These crack shots at Keesler Field, Miss., have a lot common. They are Pvt. Alvin C. York of McMinnville, Tenn., and Pvt. Alvin C. York Old Hickory, Tenn., both related to Sgt. York, famous hero of the first World W

EASY WA Somewhere in Newfoundland, Cpl. Preston Williams of LaFaye Ind., Sgt. Henry Dunn of Fitzgerald, Ga., Pfc. Frank Haggarty of Brooklyn, N. Y., Pvt. Edward Schenk of Philadelphia, Pa., indulge in a bit of harmless make-belie

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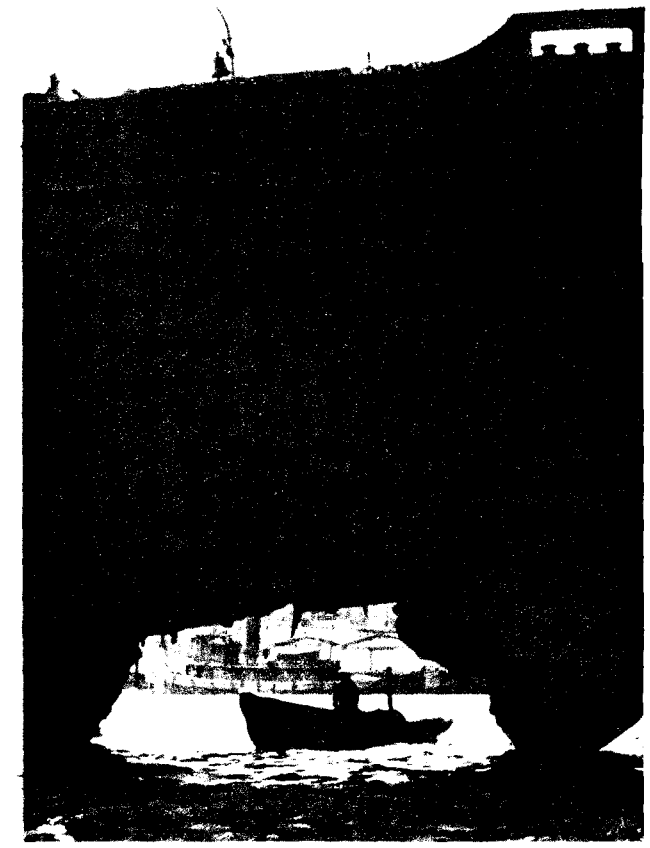
Show

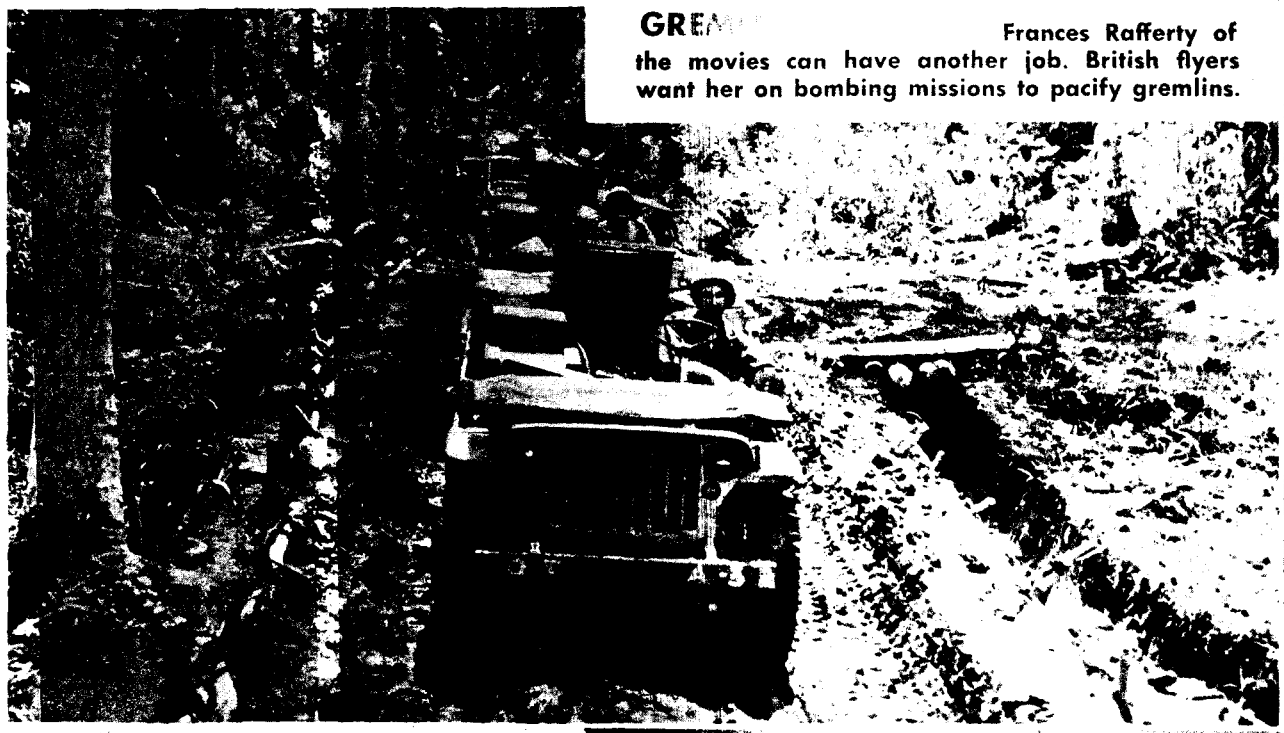
MERAS OF THE WORLD

GI ADMIRATION Pfc. Basil R. Gill wouldn't mind having stripes as big as those on this Sudanese sergeant in N. Africa.

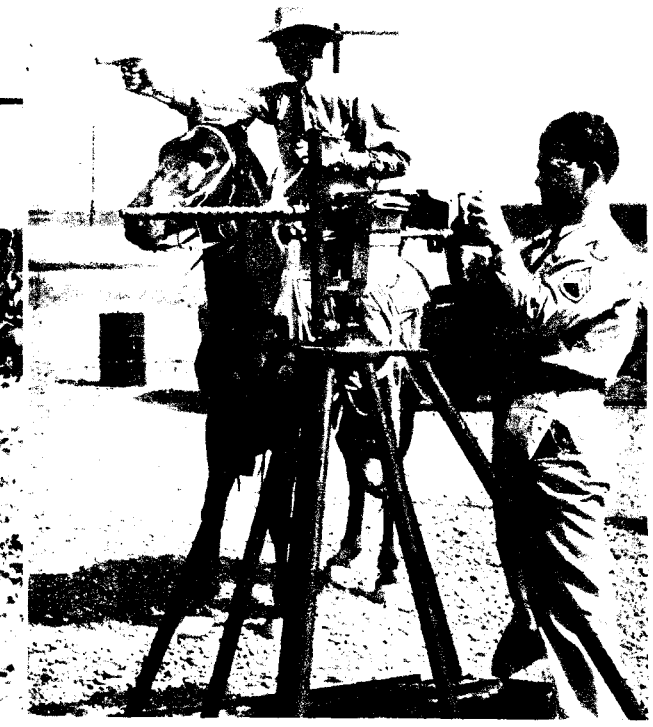
GREM Frances Rafferty of the movies can have another job. British flyers want her on bombing missions to pacify gremlins.



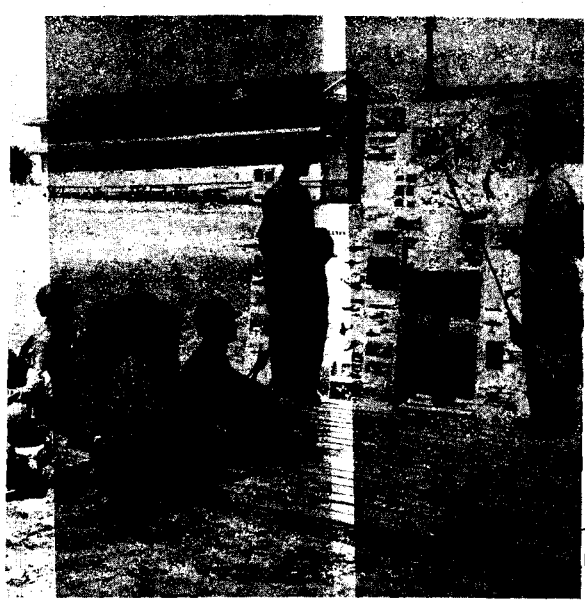
That's what seamen at a Canadian port are calling the torpedo hole in this freighter's bow.



MAIL RUN. Allied troops cut roads through New Guinea palm woods for daily convoys of jeeps bringing mail and food.



At the Harlingen (Tex.) Gunnery School range, a rancher tried out his .45 against a 50-mm and lost.



WHAT'S THIS? If they're good they'll know it. It's part of a pictorial test in aircraft identification, Camp Polk, La.

SOLDIER A Cpl. Keiffer of Los Angeles, Calif., is helping to keep up GI spirits in Iran by letting his sense of humor out in oils. These murals, on which he is working with a haughty air, decorate the walls of a mess hall and are designed to keep up the appetite of potential sheiks.

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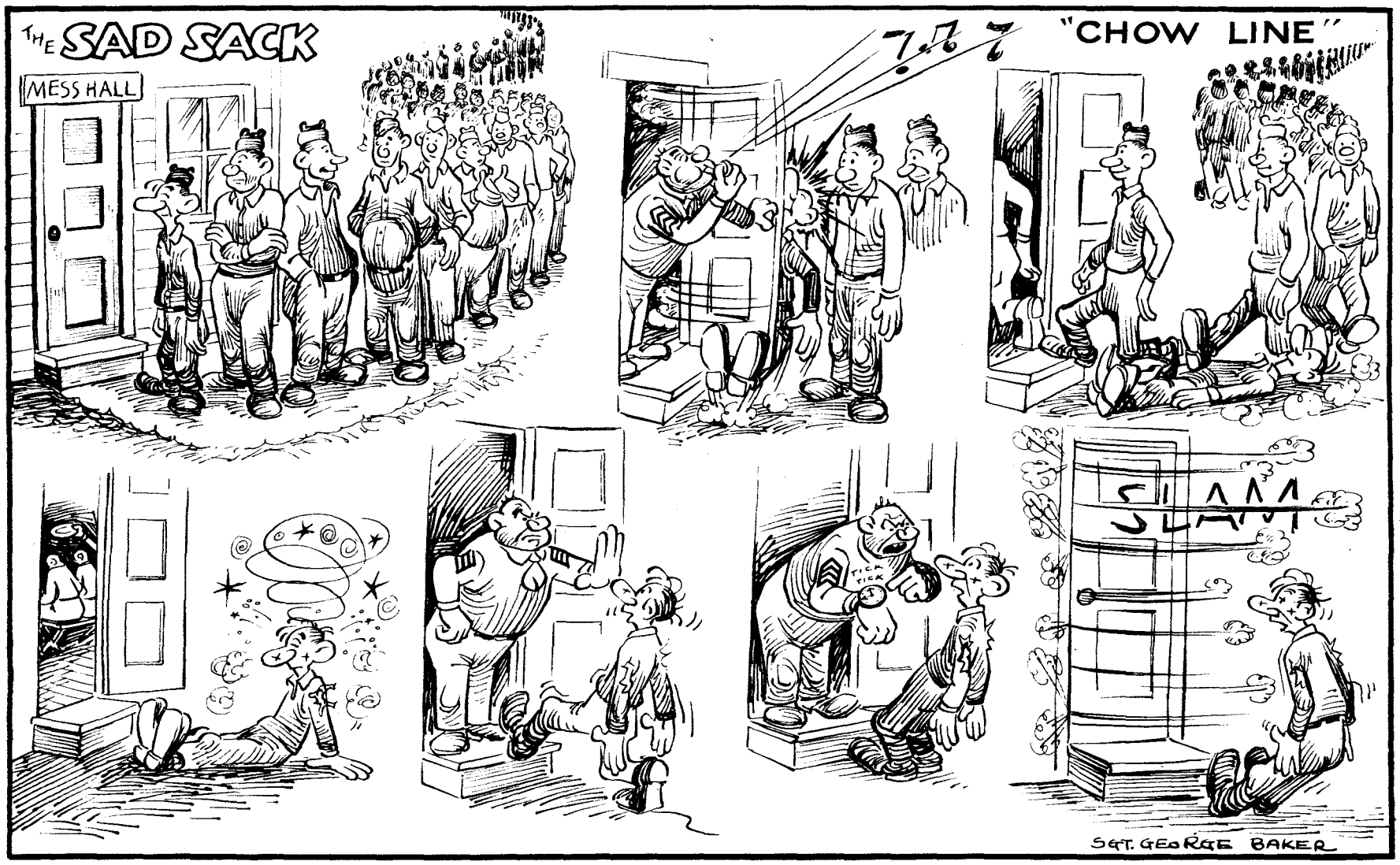

Artie Greengroin, PFC.

ARTIE MAKES AN EXPLANATION

"LEMME up," Artie Greengroin said. "Lemme up, dam it."

"Not until you tell us what happened to the first sergeant," we said. We were sitting on Artie because we had to find out why the top kick went to the clink.

"Aw, the hell with it," Artie said. "Lemme up. I'll sing. For gaw's sake, you'd of thought I was a Murderer Incorporated."

He rose ruefully to his feet, brushing himself off and picking up his dusty cap. His cane had fallen under a table.

"The trouble with me," he said, "is that I'm too inhumane. Sometimes I'm jess like a beast, a ravenous tiger or something. Especially where dames is concerned. It's like taking bread out of me mouth when somebody lifts a doll of mine—"

"Tigers don't eat bread," we said.

"Lissen," he said, "if you want to hear what happen to the top, jess keep a civil tongue in yer head. Otherwise, I'm mum."

"We're mum," we said.

"Thass more like it," Artie said. He relaxed.

"Well, when I found out that ole bassar of a top took that darb of a doll I seen red. Crimson, I seen. I was all for going down to the orderly room and cutting his neck off, see? But then I caught hole of myself. Look here, Artie, I says, wass the sense of doing something like that when it will end you up in the jug? Why not use the old brains, I says."

"It sounds good," we said.

"Thanks, ole boy," Artie said modestly. He began to warm to his subject. "Well, then I done a little detectification. I find out that every night at from about 10:30 to 11 the top is in the orderly room, doing some woik, and during that time the files is left open. I also loin that precisely at 11 the CO skins into the orderly room to kiss the top good night. So I makes me plans."

"Thrilling," we said, "thrilling."

"Ain't it, though?" Artie said. "Well, this soiten night I wait till about 10:45, see? And then I get outside the orderly room and I starts to yell things. 'Oh, Sgt. Flump stinks on ice,' I says. 'Oh, Sgt. Flump is a ole bassar. Sgt. Flump used to smack his mudder around.' Things like that, see? Well, pretty soon ole Flump comes hot-footing it out of the orderly room and starts running around in the dark to see who's doing the talking. At least, I think thass why he come out of the orderly room."

"Very likely," we said.

"From then on," Artie said, "it's strictly a zephyr. I sneak around Flump, slip into the orderly room, pull out the whole file of secret orders—we got a hell of a lot of secret orders in that orderly room—and toss 'em up and down the room. Then I take a piece of paper, write on it 'Capt. O'Crock is a stinker foist class,' put it on Flump's desk and blow out of there."

"Regular little wind, you were," we said.

"Yeah," Artie said. "And after that things went poifect. Who should come along at 11 but the CO and who's he got along with him but the coinel. They go into the orderly room. 'My gaw,' the coinel says, 'what a queer place to keep yer secret orders.' 'I usually keep them in a file,' says the CO. 'They ain't in a file now,' says the coinel. 'Come to think of it, they ain't,' says the CO. 'And wass this?' says the coinel. 'Why it's a note to me,' says the CO. 'Wass it say?' says the coinel. 'Oh, nothing,' says the CO, and he puts the note in his pocket. 'Very unneat orderly room,' says the coinel. 'Very unneat orderly room indeed.' I could hear all this through the winders, unnerstand?"

"Perfectly," we said.

"So what happens?" Artie went on. "So when the top comes back the CO and the coinel asts him for a explanation, but he can't give none. So next morning he goes to the clink. Thass the story, or you can give me a hit with yer fists."

We thought for a moment. "OK," we said. "We accept it."

"Thass the way to be—broad-minded," he said. "Now they's some people in this theayter who wouldn't swaller that. Yer a fine type of man. You got a honest face."

"So have you, Artie," we said.

"Thanks, ole boy," Artie said. A blush tried to break through his skin but didn't quite make it.

"There's only one thing more," we said.

"Yerse?" said Artie.

"The next day, when we saw you," we said, "you were on your way to the guardhouse to turn yourself in. But they wouldn't take you. What happened?"

"Oh," Artie said, "what happened was this. I go in the clink and I see a MP I know, a nice guy, name of Willy. He owes me a couple of quid from a craps game. 'Hey, Willy,' I says, 'come here.' So Willy comes over and I tell him the whole story. 'OK,' I says when I'm finished, 'you can lock me up now.'"

"And what did Willy say?" we asked.

"A very funny thing," Artie said. "Willy tole me to beat it. And you know why he tole me to beat it? Because that ole bassar of a top kick had stole a goil from him, too, and he wanted him to get his jess dessoits. Now, ain't that a hell of a thing?"

"A hell of a thing," we agreed.

"And now I'm off women," Artie said.

"How about that Wren?" we wanted to know.

"Aw, thass another thing intirely," Artie said. "I don't look on her as a woman exackly. She's more like a instructress or something. She's giving me lessons in the School of the Gennulman."

"You learning anything?" we asked.

"Yeah, a lot," Artie said. "In a little while now you ain't going to know me."

"What hours does school keep?" we asked.

"From 7 to 10," Artie said.

"Ever have to do any homework?"

"Yeah," Artie said. "Lots."

—SGT. HARRY BROWN

Great Britain

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Cpl. Joseph M. H. Seitz, Co. B, 29th Engr., Portland, Oreg., wants the address of **Cpl. Jerry Freis,** whom he met in Washington, D. C., and Los Angeles, Calif. . . . **Pfc. Louis E. Stevens,** Hq., 24th Gen. Hosp., Fort Benning, Ga., would like to hear from **Rockwell Gorton** who was with him the day he was inducted at Fort MacArthur, Calif. . . . **Sgt. Francis Connery,** 800th TSS, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C., wants to hear from former members of his crew: **Gunner Sgts. Joe Pavia, Tim Toy, Jack Baxter** and **Leland Knuth.** . . . **Lt. Donald E. Henry,** 8th AAF, VOQ Annex, Bolling Field, D. C., would like to hear from anyone who went from **Fort Sheridan,** Ill., to **Fort Eustis,** Va., about Aug. 10, 1941, and was in Bks. T109, 4th Platoon, Btry. C, 1st Bn., 1310 SU CABTC. . . . **Cpl. L. A. Obey** wants news from **Pvt. Bernard Brown** of Philadelphia, Pa., who was with him at Fort Meade. . . . If anyone has heard from **Jack Beauregard,** will he write to **Pvt. Otis Wheeler,** Cas. Co., 1114th SCU, Camp Edwards, Mass.? Beauregard is in the Merchant Marine Service and has shipped out from California. . . . **Pvt. Arthur L. Reuben,** Co. C, 84th Cml. Bn., Camp Rucker, Ala., has lost touch with **Oliver Iysen** who registered at the Boulder Draft Board, Colo. . . . **Pvt. E. Donald Lipsitz,** Base Wea. Sta., AAB, Kearney, Neb., wants to hear from **Hank Silverberg** with the Submarine Service. . . . **Cpl. Herman E. Bogus,** 10th Serv. Sq., Kellogg Field, Mich., wants to make contact with **Pfc. Julius Willen,** somewhere in Africa. . . . **Cpl. George E. Johnson,** 40th TS Sq., Boca Raton Field, Fla., wants to hear from **Pfc. Clark Bannert** in the Marine Corps, somewhere in the S. Pacific. . . . **Sgt. Arthur D. Hutter,** Hq. and Serv. Co., 922d Engr. Avn. Regt., Geiger Field, Wash., wants news from **Peter Digilio** whose last address was Sq. B, Gp. 1, Monroe, La. . . . **Pvt. Arthur Marsh,** Co. F, 320th Inf., Camp Rucker, Ala., wants to hear from the six **Thomas** brothers who used to live on Wabash Ave., Detroit, Mich. . . . **Cpl. F. M. Palmer,** 305th QM Bn., Camp Young, Calif., wants news from **Tom Halligan** in the Navy. . . . **S/Sgt. W. T. Reid Jr.,** 302d Sig. Co., Wing, Pope Field, Fort Bragg, N. C., wants news from **Sgt. Gerald R. Zimmerman,** somewhere in Australia. . . . **Pvt. Jesse L. Jones** wants his brother, **Sgt. Paul E. Jones,** overseas, to write him at Med. Det., 386th Inf., Camp Swift, Tex. . . . **Cpl. Henry Shorr,** 733d Tech. Sch. Sq., AAF, Fort Logan, Colo., wants news from **Herbert (Lefty) Posner,** somewhere in the Pacific. . . . **Cpl. Frank A. Baker,** 421st AB Sq., CAAB, Charleston, S. C., would like to hear from his college roommate, **Lt. Richard B. Bennett,** believed to be in Africa. . . . If anyone has received news from **1st Lt. Norman B. Slote,** stationed at Port Moresby, New Guinea, will he notify **Leon Slote,** Goldenbridge, N. Y.? . . . **John Fricker SC3c,** Box 7, Sub. Base, New London, Conn., wants news from his brother, **Pvt. Edward Fricker.**

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Nieves *Stewart* *Coomes*

S/Sgt. Manuel Nieves, Australia, wants to get in touch with the "little fellow" standing on the palm of his hand. Sgt. Nieves has forgotten his name but the trick picture was taken about a year ago at Camp Croft, S. C. The "little fellow" should write to Nieves c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . By sending this message, **George Stewart S2c** thinks he can get in touch with 50 of his friends serving all over the world: "Greetings, River Rats. I'll meet you all in Florida after the war." River Rats should write to Stewart at Ship's Rec. Dept., Camp Peary, NCTC, Williamsburg, Va. . . . **Pvt. Robert Coomes** of Bloomington, Ind., asks Lt. Walter Lockard to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

Wright *Rhine* *Brown*

Sgt. Jack Wright, stationed in India, is curious to know if his Dallas (Tex.) friend, Val Kruz, is married yet. To Kruz, who was an air cadet at Sherman Field, Tex., when last heard from, Wright says: "Providing your marital and martial duties don't interfere, how about writing me c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea?*" . . . **S/Sgt. William M. Rhine** of Lebanon, Pa., stationed in the Aleutians, heard that his brother, Pvt. Edward Rhine, is in the Medics at Camp Robinson, Ark. "Get in touch with me and let me know how you're making out," he says. . . . **Pvt. Johnny Brown** at an Indian air base says "Hi, mug!" to Pvt. Johnny Sutton, his home-town buddy from Cherry Tree, Pa., now in N. Africa.

Turkowski *Hickly* *Rendoll*

Pvt. Ray Turkowski, S. Pacific, sends this message to his cousin, Pvt. Leonard Klein, somewhere in Virginia: "Why in the hell haven't I heard from you? If you've forgotten how to write, draw a few pictures and send them." Klein can reach Turkowski by writing him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . **Pvt. John Hickly** of Pittsburgh, Pa., now overseas, is trying to get in touch with Pvt. Jack O'Brien, also of Pittsburgh. He says: "How about writing me—APO 885, c/o PM, New York City." . . . **Pvt. Ed Rendoll** wants news from Pvts. James Picaso, Robert Parra and Joe Romero. They can write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

Graziano *Dudley & Schumaker* *Donovan*

Cpl. Larry Graziano of Clifton, N. J., is home on an emergency furlough from a S. Pacific base. He sends this message to his friend, Sgt. Larry Moore, at APO 950, San Francisco, Calif.: "Boy, what you're missing! Thousands of women everywhere." . . . **Sgt. William E. Dudley** (left) and **Pfc. Elmer J. Schumaker,** working together on the Alcan Highway, collaborate on a message to Sgt. Alfred Barone in N. Africa: "Give our regards to all the boys in our old company. Tell them to write us." . . . From Honolulu, **2d Lt. Ann Donovan** writes 2d Lt. Louise Brown, in the N. Atlantic: "Enjoyed working with you, hope we're lucky enough to run into each other again."

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

As former members of the Infantry in the Canal Zone, we don't like Sgt. Dan Polier's remark [in a May issue of YANK] that he would like to see a drill sergeant who had not served a hitch in the Canal Zone. If he were half the soldier that those boys in Panama were he'd be a credit to his outfit. We figured he must be a selectee by the way he made those remarks. We wouldn't mind it, see, but people have the idea that soldiers in Panama are to be looked down on, and we are here to tell you that the best men in the Army come from there. Sometime, if you are man enough and think you can take it, Sgt. Polier, you should try a hitch there. We don't believe you are man enough to take it. This letter is to let you know that we wouldn't have anything to do with you because we associate with soldiers only.

—S/Sgt. C. P. —S/Sgt. E. O. S.
—S/Sgt. J. F. —S/Sgt. E. S.
—S/Sgt. E. E. H. —S/Sgt. M. D. M.
—S/Sgt. K. C. G. —Cpl. Jutt

Camp Claiborne, La.

■ Note to Cpl. Jutt: What are you picking on me for?—Sgt. D. P.

Dear YANK:

On behalf of several members of the Short Snorter Club, I ask that you publish the rules and regulations governing this screwy chain organization.

—Cpl. FRANK C. SMITH

Panama Canal

■ Short Snorter rules and customs vary. Some say membership is limited to persons who have flown over an ocean. Others deny this. You must be inducted by *at least* three SSs, although any number can gang up on you, which is part of the idea. You give each SS present a dollar, then provide another dollar bill on which is written your name and the date. This is your SS ticket. Your inductors sign it and you sign theirs. Thereafter when challenged you must produce your ticket within two minutes or forfeit a dollar to every SS present. (If you can produce it, you merely exchange signatures.) To get your money back, you and two other SSs round up candidates or forgetful members.

Dear YANK:

In a May issue your sports editor asked what became of Art (the Great) Shires. Well, here he is (left) at Fort Warren, Wyo., standing next to his brother, Sgt. Len Shires, manager of the

2d QM Training Regiment's post champions. Sgt. Bernie Mussill, ex-Newark hurler, and Pvt. Harlan Poole, former Red outfielder, complete the group.

—Sgt. JOSEPH E. RAY

Fort Warren, Wyo.

Dear YANK:

I had no objection to being the goat in Sgt. Jack Scott's story, "A Guy Who's Crazy About Eskimos Likes the Lonely Life in Greenland," which appeared in a March issue of YANK. However, it impressed me as cheap journalism that depends for its humor on false statements. For months, soldiers in Greenland had been studying YANK, looking forward to the day when a story about their lives would appear. At last Sgt. Scott's story appeared with only two inches of print devoted to the lives of soldiers in Greenland. The rest of the story was concerned with Sgt. Sinnickson and myself, which didn't answer the need for a feature on Greenland.

—S/Sgt. DONALD KENT

Greenland

■ Why don't you men in Greenland send us some stories, cartoons, etc.?

Dear YANK:

In reference to three editorials in YANK concerning V-Mail, we'd like to add our few words. V-Mail has no meaning to us. We'd much rather receive one regular letter than 10 V-Mail letters along with 10 packages from home. Our canned C rations don't taste like turkey, but we'd gladly go without fruit cake to receive regular letters.

—Sgt. JACK Y. GREENBERG*

Tonga

*Letter also signed by Sgts. A. B. Weryavah, Don Corner, Walter E. Lippincott, Emil Grohonena, Carl Noreuil, William H. Powell Jr., Ralph Bible; Cpls. John L. Walters, Clarence J. Zahn, Bob L. Sparger, Dan F. Walick, William T. Williams; Pfcs. Vernon A. Horney, Dan J. Freitas; Pvts. Sol Schulmon and Arthur V. Burton.

Dear YANK:

Since the Air Corps weathermen haven't had any publicity, outside a picture of two Waacs holding a psychrometer as if it were a rat's tail, how about a story in YANK? No story, and immediately a brother weatherman in your vicinity will call for snow and rain. So holding back an ugly, threatening sky, I remain.

—S/Sgt. SULLY SUDIN

Fort George Wright, Wash.

Dear YANK:

I've heard the "Buna Rubber Story" once too often and I wish someone would put an effective end to it. YANK's story about the strange peace between Russia and Japan [in a May issue] explains why Russia buys rubber from Japan, but the rumor still persists that Japan receives steel in exchange for this rubber—and this steel falls on the heads of us Yanks. As such, the "Buna Rubber Story" falls under the category of rumors designed to divide and weaken the United Nations.

—Pvt. CHARLES A. FRANKLIN

Pittsburg (Calif.) Replacement Depot

Dear YANK:

It seems that in every mail from home, at least two of our boys find that their best girls have run off with a USO soldier or defense worker. We wouldn't mind so much if it just happened to a few of us, but we're batting up around 60 percent. The natives here are ex-headhunters, but they do know the meaning of fair play. Maybe we should just stay over here.

—Communication Team X-1

New Guinea

Dear YANK:

This is a diamondback rattlesnake I killed when I was walking guard at Camp Bowie, Tex. He was 6 feet long, weighed nearly 9 pounds and was estimated to be 15 years old. As usual nothing happened on guard duty—until I saw the snake about eight feet away. I heaved a rock but it bounced off his back. He coiled to strike but I jabbed him first with a long board. He lost 14 rattles in the battle.

—Pvt. R. HAZELWOOD

Camp Bowie, Tex.

Dear YANK:

Out here in the Southwest Pacific we've read there is speculation and alarm over a presidential election. It's too bad civilians can't learn how soldiers feel about this. I think I'm representing most of the soldiers here when I say it would be folly to change political leadership at this time: the waste of time while new men take over would be drastic. If the man behind the gun is satisfied, why can't people back home at least be patient? All we ask is cooperation and we'll bring back the bacon—well done or just as ordered.

—Pvt. LONNIE CISSON

Australia

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COMPANY STREET

—Sketch by Cpl. F. B. Eifert, Elmhurst, N. Y.

WOMEN. Pvt. Marvin Rubin, **Fort Slocum,** N. Y., went into a phone booth at New Rochelle, N.Y., armed with plenty of nickels and determined to make his girl in Brooklyn say yes. After 11 hours, during which time Rubin had made 140 5-minute phone calls without leaving the booth, his girl said: "All right, Marvin, I'll marry you. I'm worn out." . . . Local dolls who chase commissioned officers at **Daniel Field,** Ga., are called "barmaids" by women-hungry GIs. . . . Advice on women from the *C.B.I. Roundup*, soldiers' newspaper in **India:** "All you jerks want to return to the states because of some woman. Now she's probably driving a six-by-six truck. When you get back she'll look like Jim Londos or the rear view of a General Grant."

STATES. "There aren't any mountains in Maine," a fellow soldier taunted Pvt. Douglas B. Cowie, stationed in **North Tunisia.** So Cowie wrote to the Maine Development Commission and got a notarized statement that both Mount Cadillac and Mount Katahdin in Maine are *bona fide* mountains. . . . After Cpl. George Rosson, on maneuvers in the **Desert Training Area** in California, wrote to his pal, Pvt. George Abbott at Fort Lee, N.J., that he was "dying to feel the good old New Jersey soil" under his feet, Abbott sent him a box full of Garden State soil. "I threw the dirt on the barracks floor," said Rosson, "and scraped and scraped my feet in it."

ANGELS. T/Sgt. Robert E. Moore, member of a bomber crew in **Tunisia,** was ordered to bail out after his plane was riddled by enemy flak. He floated to within 75 feet of the ground when a delayed-action bomb exploded directly below him and blew him straight up again. That was all Moore remembered until he regained consciousness in a hospital, badly shaken but ready in a short time for active duty. . . . S/Sgt. Norman S. Goldstein was on a bombing raid over **Rangoon** when he discovered the bomb-release mechanism was stuck. While repairing it to release the load of bombs he ripped his oxygen mask and collapsed over the open bomb-bay doors. His heavy clothes wedged Goldstein against the bomb racks and prevented him from falling out until he could be rescued by crewmates. He was awarded the Silver Star. . . . S/Sgt. H. T. Ade was a gunner on an A-20 Havoc in action in **North Africa** when a bullet killed his pilot. As the plane went into a low spin Ade was wrenched from his turret, thrown over the lower gunner and out through the bomb bay. He pulled his rip cord and floated to safety just as his plane crashed.

Magic Square

You'll have your hands full with this six-by-six Magic Square. Provided you keep your nose out of the answer section.

The problem is to arrange all the numbers from 1 to 36 in the squares so that each row—vertical, horizontal and the two main diagonals—add up to 111.

We've thrown in some numbers to get you started. You fill in the rest.

Another thing. When you've finished, you should find another Magic Square if you strip away the four border rows. A four-by-four that adds to 74 on all fronts.

36		5			35
31		26	12		6
7		13	23		30
2			33		1

(Solution on page 22.)

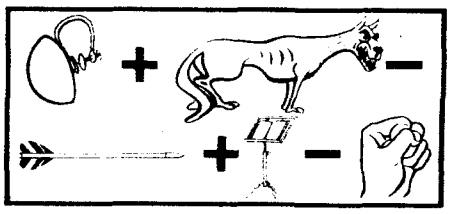
Lois Andrews

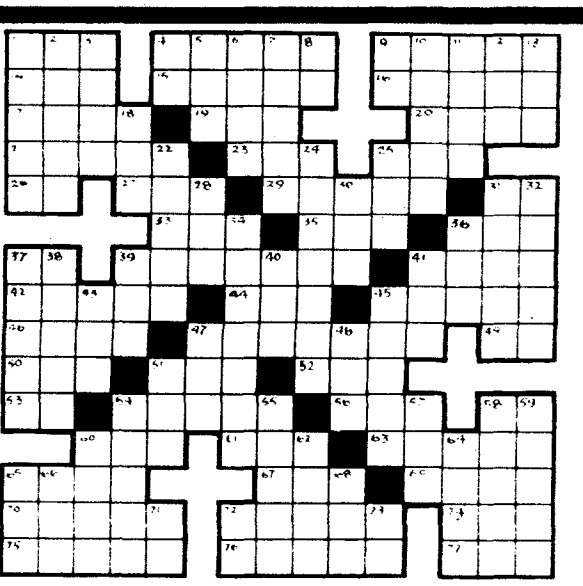
The sweet cookie across the way used to decorate the front line of a Broadway musical show before the movies made eyes at her and she made eyes right back. Her latest is 20th Century-Fox's "Roger Touhy, Last of the Gangsters."

DOUBLE PUZZLE

First tackle the Picture Puzzle below. Add or subtract the names of the pictured objects as indicated. The result will be one of the Allied nations. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle 39 across. Then proceed with the rest of the puzzle.

(Solution on page 22.)





ACROSS

1. Pint-size windmill
4. Put to shame
9. Tree
14. Since
15. Throws
16. Minor duty like KP
17. Vacation spot for sailors
19. Get the point?
20. Mimicked
21. This is irony
23. Fuss
25. Gen. Eisenhower's nickname
26. Middle part of seed
27. "Highpockets" fish
29. Seedlike part
31. Preposition
33. American Expeditionary Forces
35. Of that ——
36. Prefix—upon
37. Society of Bartenders (abbr.)
39. (Solve the picture puzzle)
41. Creating a this may land you in it
42. Marching buddies
44. ¾ of Erin
45. Nurtures
46. Dry
47. Took away
49. And (French)
50. He —— with his chin
51. Me (French)
52. This is nothing to brag about
53. Doctor of Divinity
54. Where grass widows hold parties
56. This is all burnt up
58. Like
60. Civilian MP
61. Calls for masker-aid
63. The old ticker
65. —— Cinders, comic-strip heroine
67. Hard-punching army of U.S.S.R
69. Felonious feline
70. Well-known musical fruit
72. Anew
74. Corrode
75. Slip away—when people stand up
76. Discourage
77. Exist

DOWN

1. Store teeth
2. Kind of marble
3. Number of good Nazis
4. Exclamation
5. Civilian jeep
6. This takes up space
7. Snow use for these
8. Elegant Sergeant (abbr.)
9. Fluctuating current events
10. The Hovie prelude to crap-shooting
11. Pontiff
12. Before
13. Man's nickname
18. Scotch river
22. Goldbricks with a shovel
24. The Guardhouse Lawyer has one on everything
25. This is annoying. It sounds like work
28. Indispensable for marching
30. Ancient
31. Western way to reckon
32. The best spot in the chow line
34. Axis positional adjusting
36. Greek letter
37. To get into hot water
38. How the dummy feels during bayonet practice
39. The best part of a 40-mile march
40. Receptacle for needles
41. Past tense of sez
43. What we ought to get of Hitler
45. Refuse to pay up
47. Miniature war
48. By way of
51. Much battered piece of paper
54. These often cost more than they're worth
55. The gentle lad in charge
57. In the know
58. Made by a steamfitter tailor
59. Nebraska
60. Applaud
62. Peacetime railroad accommodation
64. Invisible influence
65. Early Bird Legion (abbr.)
66. Meadow
68. A single galloping domino
71. Compass point
72. What follows 1943
73. Naval Reserve (abbr.)

HOLLYWOOD. Robert Walker, who plays the title role in "See Here, Private Hargrove," used to act simultaneously in four radio programs—"March of Time," "The Parker Family," "The Camel Caravan" and "The Aldrich Family." His first picture was "Bataan." When he takes off Pvt. Hargrove's uniform, he is scheduled for an important role in "Madame Curie." . . . Betty Grable's next three pictures will be in Technicolor. She has just finished "Coney Island," is working in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and will do "Pin-Up Girl" next. . . . Joan Leslie, leading lady of "This Is the Army," has been voted "The Girl We'd Most Like To Talk To" by the cast of 350 soldiers, forbidden by regulations to talk in the studio to any of the civilian players. . . . MGM has begun production of "White Cliffs of Dover," adapted from Alice Duer Miller's famous poem and starring Irene Dunne. . . . Sid Silvers, who earned fame as Phil Baker's heckler from the audience, has been commissioned by Columbia to prepare a story of his experience under the title of "Man in the Box." . . . On the strength of "Hitler's Children," which turned out to be a box-office bonanza for RKO, Emmet Lavery, stage and screen playwright, has been given a seven-year writing contract. . . . Ben Piazza, RKO Radio casting director, has returned from New York after interviewing players for "Revenge," a picture to be cast entirely with unknowns.

Joan Leslie

BROADWAY. New York's subway circuit of legitimate theaters is thriving. Among its attractions are Margie Hart, late of burlesque, in "Cry Havoc" and Canada Lee, the former fighter, in "Native Son." . . . Mike Todd, Cole Porter, Hassard Short, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields will confer next month in Mexico City about a musical comedy, "Light Wines and Dancing," which they plan for Broadway. . . . Investigating a mystery story he had selected for one of his anthologies, Ellery Queen was astounded to learn the author was a 15-year-old boy named James Yaffee. . . . New York's drama critics voted the performances of Alfred Lunt in "The Pirate" and Tallulah Bankhead in "The Skin of Our Teeth" the year's best in a poll taken by *Variety*. Alfred Drake of "Oklahoma!" and Ethel Merman of "Something for the Boys" were selected as turning in the best performances in musicals. . . . The movie version of Ernest Hemmingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," starring Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper, will have its world premiere soon in New York. . . . Sara Ann McCabe has taken over Ilona Massey's assignments in the "Ziegfeld Follies." . . . Grace George, having completed a film role in "Johnny Come Lately," starring Jimmy Cagney, is in New York reading play scripts.

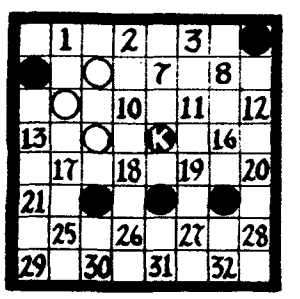
Ingrid Bergman

CHECKER STRATEGY

Never say die! White is in a hopeless pickle—or so it seems. Three men versus six usually means lights out in a checker game.

But it just happens that Black put his six men on the wrong squares. Result: White has a win on the board. Can you find it?

Before checking your analysis with the solution on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



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HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

SPENCER, Iowa

Continuing its series of visits to American towns and observing how they have been affected by the war, YANK inspects this Iowa county seat. Watch for your own town. It may appear here soon.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

SPENCER, IOWA—This town has been hard hit by the war.

It continues to throw punches, but by instinct now—like a top-flight boxer who has just been dealt a terrific clout on the whiskers.

Like the rest of Iowa (a state whose representatives think nothing of getting up in Congress or at a convention and singing the Iowa Corn Song with uplifted right arms to indicate the stature of purebred Iowa corn), this wealthy pint-sized metropolis in Iowa's northwest is not at all backward about advertising itself. It is, in fact, one of the smartest promotion towns in the country.

Only Spencer's promotions are beginning to take on a hollow, uncertain ring.

It is the manpower shortage that hurts the most. With 1,000 men gone into service and the farm boys, like Kenneth Kehoe, waiving deferment every day, the county is literally stripped.

At a Chamber of Commerce meeting at the Tangney Hotel recently, a discussion was held about such traditional events as the simultaneous unveiling of all spring displays in the store windows along Grand Avenue (which everyone still calls Main Street). When the discussion was over, a gentleman from outlying Okoboji got to his feet and said, "That's all very fine, gentlemen, but how about the farm-labor shortage? If we don't get the crops planted, what's the good of window displays?"

During the lengthy debate which followed, every possible source of manpower was considered. No answer could be found. The problem finally was solved when the members of the Chamber of Commerce *themselves* agreed to go to work in the fields after business hours. As plump Paul Morony wincingly expressed it, they will even handle manure.

Spencer claims to have (and does not hesitate to promote) the finest corn and hogs in America, the cutest corn-fed cuties in America, one of the three blue-water lakes in the Western Hemisphere, some of the finest hunting and fishing in the Central States, and one of the great popcorn centers of the country. Its Clay County Fair was modestly advertised as the World's Greatest County Fair and played to 100,000 people a year.

But now the popcorn and the cuties and the hunting have fallen off. And the Fairgrounds are empty save for old Eddie Swanson, who unfailingly makes a daily tour of inspection of the ghostlike premises. Eddie just can't comprehend that the fair is no more, and he locks stray dogs in the ladies' rest room to prevent them from harming imaginary children.

E. Joy Roberts, insurance salesman de luxe, used to advertise the fair by touring the Midwest in a gaudy streetcar body mounted on a truck chassis. This would bring in curious customers from a thousand miles around. Now Roberts concentrates his efforts on such things as teaching first aid, superintending horse racing, dressing up as Santa Claus at Christmas time and walking pet raccoons on chains down Grand Avenue. Only incidentally does he sell insurance.

The general emptiness of the town is everywhere apparent. When Betty Sharpe of the *Daily Reporter* was asked to assist on interviews for this story, she curtly declined at first, saying, "I haven't seen anyone in his 20s in so long, I wouldn't know how to act." Trealor's juke joint on the edge of town is dead and tottering on the brink of destruction. So is the Woodcliff. Hammer's on Grand Avenue took over the pool hall next door, put in illuminated murals of Lake Okoboji and named it the Lakeview Room. Now it is desolate, too.

Okoboji, the blue-water lake where everyone has a summer cottage, will be empty this year. It is too far to get to on three gallons of gas a week. The town's two pool parlors, the Scoreboard and the Broadway, have settled down to a sedate existence of older men playing Snooker. The Double-Cola plant on the edge of town is closed; no sugar. The Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad donated an entire bridge to the scrap drive.

A mob of the girls followed Margaret Mauer into the WAVES and Erline Hull into the WAAC. Others went to California for war jobs or to Texas Army camps for husbands. Saturday night on Grand Avenue used to be a traffic problem similar to Times Square at theater time. Now Police Chief Reese Cowan, who took over when R. A. Peterson became a major in the MPs, can safely go home on Saturday night and have a good night's sleep. At the end of every month, when the storekeepers' rations run low, a bottle of coke or a pint of ice cream is impossible to get.

All the softball leagues have been canceled. When the Golf Club reopens for the summer —under extremely limited circumstances—the new manager, custodian, master of ceremonies, concessionaire and golf pro will be 17-year-old Bill Loder, who last year was a caddy.

SOME things have remained the same. The kids still jam Bjorstad's Drug Store every day after school. East Fourth Street is still called Diaper Row, more so than ever now because of the heavy production schedules maintained by the young married couples residing therein. Leech Field, the high-school stadium, still floods when the Little Sioux and Ocheydam Rivers break loose in the spring. Leather-lunged Bill Todd rattles the rafters as auctioneer at the Thursday livestock market. The kids go swimming in the bottomless sand pits excavated by Pete Nelson's tile and cement factory. Old Pete, who is now playing around with instantaneous battery chargers for the armed forces, still indulges in his peculiar hobby of stocking every available body of water with goldfish.

Movies and bridge are still the backbone of the social life of the town. The Spencer and Fraser Theaters are doing extremely well, especially when an Errol Flynn picture is on the bill. Bootleggers still beat the strict Iowa liquor laws by running stuff down from over the Minnesota border. The kids still park on the West School driveway, if they are not particular, or out past the cemetery over the river, if they are.

The high-school teams are still absorbing beatings from their traditional rivals, Spirit Lake. They got licked 24-22 and 25-23 in basketball. In football last fall, Spencer was leading 3-0 with less than 30 seconds left to play. Then the referee signaled mistakenly that the game was over, and the exultant crowd poured out on the field. Worse than that, the Spencer team began to *leave* the field. In the confusion, the Spirit Lake quarterback threw a forward pass into the territory vacated by Spencer fullback Dick Lawson, who was just then climbing into his car at the other end of the stadium. Spirit Lake won, 7 to 3.

Del Blake has taken over the mayor's office in City Hall since he beat Dr. Golly in 1942, but Attorney Cornwall is still supposedly running the town from his office on Grand Avenue. The farmers are getting the usual bumper crops out of Clay County's rich black soil; 95 percent of them filed federal income-tax returns this year, some reporting gross incomes of more than $10,000.

The town had a military installation for a while, when an Army Glider Training School moved onto the Fairgrounds for three months before the cold drove it back to Texas. On this occasion, one of the town's earlier promotions backfired and caused acute embarrassment. Some time before, the site of the airport had been moved. In the moving, someone had neglected to change the conspicuous air markings pointing the way to the old airport. As a result, when the Ferry Command transports came flying in with the troops and gliders, they landed unceremoniously in a cornfield.

War or no war, though, the town is on the ball. It is suggestively eyeing three possible sources of promotion and already has begun the beating of drums in their behalf. These are 1) a bomber plant, 2) an Army bombardier school and 3) an OWI film depicting Spencer as the typical American farming community.

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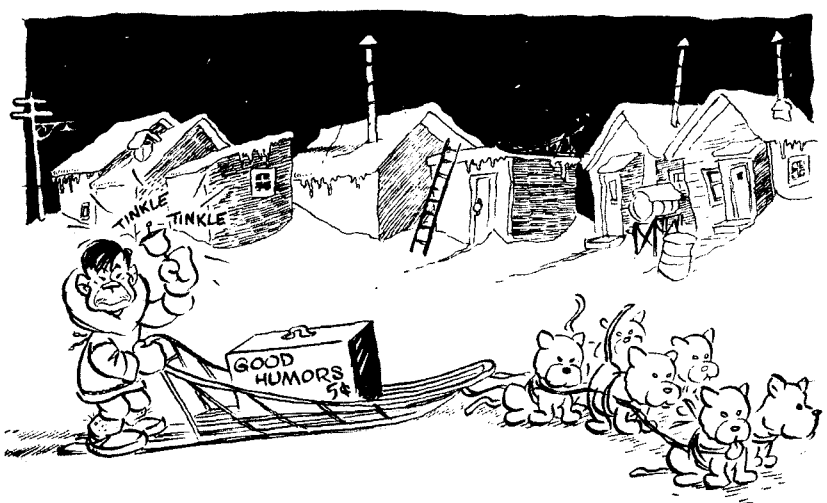
"DID YOU SEE A PLANE SITTING HERE?"
—*Cpl. E. Maxwell, AAF, Carlsbad, N. Mex.*

"I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND OUR INTRUDING, BUT WE'RE A LITTLE SHORT THIS MONTH."
—*Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.*

"ANYBODY WANT TO TRADE A COMIC BOOK FOR 'THE SCIENCE OF SUBSTANCE AND RELATED SPACES'?"
—*Pfc. Joseph Kramer, Truax Field, Wis.*

"I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHERE HE GOT THE BARREL."
—*Ron Bennett Y3c Astoria, Oreg.*



Ptc. J. W. Kent, Alaska

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NEWS FROM HOME

What goes on in your own home state

ALABAMA

The House killed a bill that would have temporarily suspended blue laws in all communities within a 50-mile radius of an Army camp. At Fort Payne, Carl Dalrymple, 22, was held on murder charges after the fatal shooting of his wife and five children. Mrs. Ben Goltsman, wife of the owner of the Montgomery Baseball Club, was assaulted by two women fugitives from Tutwiler Prison after she gave them a lift in her car. The Senate passed a bill establishing a four-year state medical college. A new FSA district with jurisdiction over 15 counties was established at Troy. Died at Birmingham: Fred H. McDuff, 61, former chief of police and sheriff.

ARIZONA

With rainfall far below average, Arizona stockmen faced a severe drought unrelieved by supplementary forage. The Rev. S. D. Athans preached in Greek, English and Spanish at a special interracial service at the Mexican Methodist Church, Tucson. Talbert Layman and Flavis Gilbert, Texas gunmen, one of whom banked $1,500 in loot at Tucson's Valley National Bank, got 20-year terms in Lubbock, Tex. A state fund of $500,000 was sought to establish a program for the prevention of juvenile delinquency.

CALIFORNIA

At Los Angeles, Adohr Milk Farms sought experienced dairy hands from the ranks of discharged enlisted men. A smoke bomb from a Navy plane crashed into the home of Mr. and Mrs. William A. White of Berkeley but injured no one. Siskiyou County expected one of the worst grasshopper plagues in history. Woodson Linn, 310-pound Santa Clara senior, set a world's interscholastic record of 147 feet, 9¾ inches in the discus throw at the 17th Annual West Coast Relays at Fresno. Warren Cramer, 25, of Oakland asked and received the death sentence for killing Ernest Saxon during a drug-store hold-up. Funeral services were held in San Francisco for Congressman Harry L. Englebright, 59, of the Second District, geographically the largest in the U. S. The regional WPB cited a lack of adequate food and eating facilities as the major cause for absenteeism in San Francisco shipyards.

COLORADO

Southern Colorado dentists, in convention at Pueblo, agreed to give priority to men and women in the armed services. One of seven projected power units at the Green Mountain dam in western Colorado began operation. Land within the Rocky Mountain Arsenal reservation was made available for farming. S/Sgt. Robert Levine of Buckley Field was the father of triplets born in Denver. Bernice Williams, 23, was charged with murder in Denver after allegedly confessing she had drowned three infants born to her out of wedlock. Denver's Mayor Stapleton was reelected and a 15-percent pay increase was voted for the city's firemen and policemen.

THE DAKOTAS

North Dakota. The Grand Forks State Fair was canceled. Fire destroyed the Verona Farmers Union grain elevator and 6,000 bushels of grain. Nearly 1,200 Cass County farmers have borrowed $700,000 from the government to produce war crops. Cooperstown High won permanent possession of the Little Six track and field trophy by defeating Aneta, Sharon, McVille and Finley in that order. **South Dakota.** At Marion, the Knorr drug store was robbed of $150 in cash and narcotics. Meat rationing was credited with attracting an unusually large number of anglers to Black Hills streams. Fred G. Sweesy was drowned in the Big Sioux River near Sioux Falls after his tractor plunged over an embankment. At Pierre, a restraining order prevented the removal of the state library department into the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Building. Mrs. Blanche McNickle of Doland was selected the state mother of South Dakota.

GEORGIA

Georgia's peach crop was estimated at 16 percent of normal. Lt. E. M. Johnson of the Atlanta Fire Department was elected president of the State Association of Firefighters. At Atlanta, a cannery for the benefit of private gardeners was opened in the State Farmer's Market; a petition was filed to padlock Pine Grove Cottages, a tourist camp, as a "lewd house." At Savannah, gas masks were issued to every cop; the 1,000th marriage license for 1943 was issued. Two timber wolves were killed in Dade County. At Warm Springs, Alain Darlan, son of the late Admiral Darlan, was undergoing treatment for infantile paralysis.

IDAHO

At Boise, policemen Clarence Helm and Emery Solomon received a $25 reward from the Chamber of Commerce for catching a motorist who broke a beer bottle in the street. Boise High School graduated a class of 350. L. L. Carlson, Lewiston school superintendent, was elected president of the Idaho Education Association. Fishing was good in the Boise Valley as the trout season opened; Carl Riley hooked a 17-inch rainbow in a drain ditch near Eagle.

ILLINOIS

Record-breaking Illinois, Mississippi and Wabash floods did millions of dollars damage as residents of Beardstown and smaller river towns fled their homes. More than 350,000 acres of farm land in the state must be replanted. The C. B. & Q. employed its first woman station agent at New Windsor. Dr. David Davis retired as dean of the University of Illinois medical college. Galena was booming since the reopening of lead and zinc mines. Most Chicago residential hotels abolished Sunday maid service. At Lena, Henry Diestelmeier, 80, retired from the harness shop he opened 62 years ago. Working full time in an ordnance plant didn't prevent Mrs. Ruby Quimby of Sterling, mother of 11, from doing family cooking and housework. Barrington Boy Scouts sold $400,000 worth of War Bonds to buy a bomber plus bombs.

INDIANA

Wabash and White River floods caused vast damage to farm lands. Sweetsers had its first fire in 11 years when a tavern burned. Remaining Indianapolis streetcar rails were to be salvaged for scrap. Perry J. Lippert was killed in a fall down the Citizens Trust Building elevator shaft at Fort Wayne. Orville J. Hooker became superintendent of Marion's schools. Seymour set an 8 P.M. curfew for children. At Evansville, Mrs. Murray Duncan used all her meat-ration coupons to feed her 16 cats before they were ordered killed by the Board of Health. Died at Connersville: Clarence E. Edwards, past president of the Indiana State Fair Association.

IOWA

Corwith's nine ended Mason City's record of 58 straight victories by a 3-2 score as Coach Grimsley joined the Navy. Following a doctor's instructions over two-way radio, Sioux City police saved 2-year-old Dennis McGinnis from strangling as he was rushed to a hospital in a squad car. Ottumwa banned gambling. At Des Moines, J. Milton Moore, director of the Roadside Settlement House for 18 years, resigned to join the Red Cross. Jim Ryan, chairman of Clinton's ration board, had to leave his car downtown for three days after running out of gas at 2 A.M. Sixty-five fairs were expected to be held in Iowa this year as compared with 83 last year; the State Fair has been discontinued for the duration.

LOUISIANA

Dr. James Monroe Smith, former president of LSU, asked for commutation of his 8-to-24-year state-prison term for forgery. Three men were killed and five injured in an oil-barge explosion at Destrehan. Rains filled the new 2,500-acre Chicot Lake near Ville Platte. Because so many Bogalusa children have quit school, strict enforcement of the compulsory-attendance law was ordered for next fall. Niles P. Evans of Baton Rouge was elected state commander of the Disabled American Veterans. Mrs. Angel Sarpy became the first woman bus driver in New Orleans.

MAINE

The University of Maine and Colby, Bates and Bowdoin Colleges held commencements the same week end; Maine gave Lt. Gen. McNair an honorary LL.D. degree. The Bangor City Council voted 5 to 4 to accept the resignation of City Manager Frederick D. Farnsworth. A Navy craft nearing completion in California will be named for Belfast. Unfavorable weather delayed potato planting 10 days; Aroostook County's acreage was to be increased 10 to 20 percent. The bodies of Sgt. Frederick Trebilcock, 26, and his bride, Louise, 18, drowned on their wedding day last November, were recovered from Lake Umbagog. Died at Guilford: Dr. Forrest A. Cousins, 74, in practic 40 years.

MARYLAND

At Annapolis, Mrs. Helen Randle got five years in Maryland Women's Prison for fatally shooting Allen Willey, 17, who, she said, had called her a "midshipmen's prostitute." Civil Air Patrol flyers completed a 45-acre airport on a former asparagus farm near Westminster. Oscar H. Seiler, 73, was gored to death by a bull on his Owings Mills farm. At Baltimore, firemen raised ladders to rescue members of Draft Board No. 18, locked in their second-floor office. Smaller type made the Baltimore phone book 204 pages thinner. John T. Myers, Johns Hopkins University postmaster for 40 years, retired. Registration of passenger cars in the state dropped 22,291 the past year.

At the launching of Destroyer Escort 29 at the Mare Island Navy Yard, Calif., Mrs. S. L. Owen, sponsor, doused herself and all within range with champagne.

MASSACHUSETTS

Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, Order of Sons of Italy, opened a drive for 10 million cigarettes for servicemen overseas. With seven sons in the Army, Mr. and Mrs. Harold R. Bardsley of Waltham shopped for a seven-star service flag. Ralph E. Chase of Dalton won the western Massachusetts chess championship. At Worcester, Louis G. Snow, 25, received a 5-to-10-year term for raping a 21-year-old married woman after knocking her down with his car. Edward J. Russell, school superintendent, was named Pittsfield's "man of the year" by the South Church Brotherhood. The Andover Country Club announced it would transport golfers between the bus line and country club by two-horse shay. The Shelburne Falls Fire District planned a new station on the Charles Hellyer garage property. Died at Hyannis: Clarence W. Rowley, 72, "Buffalo Bill" Cody's attorney and executor of John L. Sullivan's estate.

MICHIGAN

The Senate, conducting its first impeachment trial in 71 years, removed Probate Judge Michael E. Nolan of Ironwood on charges of racketeering in secret marriage licenses. At Grand Rapids, Dr. Charles W. Helsley, pastor of the East Congregational Church, resigned to accept a pastorate in Topeka, Kans.; Mayor Welch ordered meatless Tuesdays. Triplets were born to Mr. and Mrs. John Gleason of Flushing, already parents of five. An escort service offered U. of M. coeds a date for $1.50, plus the evening's expenses.

MISSOURI

Mississippi, Missouri and White River floods delayed transportation and caused widespread damage; Hollister, Branson and Tuscumbia were

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hit worst. Rationing and the draft board were blamed for the closing of 113 bakeries in St. Louis County. Attendance at Kansas City day nurseries declined when war-working mothers were charged 60 cents a day to park their children. To prevent crafty minors from obtaining drinks, a bill before the Legislature proposed banning delivery of liquor outside of licensed liquor stores. At St. Louis, Attorney John L. Sullivan refused to tell who paid $1,255 of his $3,500 fee for representing three city detectives in getting indictments against them quashed in the death of Edward Melendes, an alien who died from an alleged beating in a police cell.

MONTANA

Sixteen citizens were seeking the postmastership of Butte. Volunteer forest-fire fighters were enlisted throughout the state. Henry Near and Lyman Foot of Laurel were killed when their oil truck was wrecked and burned near Helena. Unfavorable weather destroyed 45 percent of the winter-wheat crop. Butte won the tri-city track meet at Helena. Dan Buck, Helena sheriff, committed suicide the day after his marriage to his brother's widow. Mrs. Nettie Heyman, one of Butte's first telephone operators, was 82.

NEVADA

High-school boys and girls were recruited for summer farm work. Gov. Carville proclaimed a summer-long forest-fire-prevention campaign. Mrs. Herbert (Happy Days) Jester, pioneer woman miner, was ill in the Goldfield Hospital, having been brought in from her Tule Canyon camp. The University of Nevada graduated 91 seniors, the smallest class in years. Ten teams composed Reno's softball league.

NEW JERSEY

Newly elected mayors: Dr. Bert Daly, Bayonne; Bernard M. McFeeley, Hoboken; John J. White, West New York; Paul P. Cullum, North Bergen; Nicholas Martini, Passaic; Robert K. Robertson, Hawthorne; Andrew J. Duch, Trenton; Chester W. Paulus, New Brunswick; George E. Brunner, Camden. After Morris Plains firemen had saved it six times in two years, the 36-room Sire mansion finally burned. Don Bosland landed a 24½-inch 6½-pound trout in Stokes State Forest, Sussex County, believed the largest catch from a New Jersey stream in 10 years. The Court of Errors and Appeals ordered a new trial for John Lynch, former justice of the peace of Stratford, who received a death sentence for the murder of George C. Miller, Clementon policeman.

NEW YORK

In New York City, two bandits got $70,000 in uncut diamonds in a John Street hold-up; his wife's plea persuaded Harold Heinzelman, 38, not to jump after he had climbed to the roof of Holy Trinity Church. The manpower shortage caused the Long Island State Park Commission to increase the maximum age limit for lifeguards to 40 and lower the minimum to 17. Nassau County druggists contributed 250,000 grains of quinine to the national quinine pool for servicemen. At Watkins Glen, a large bird, believed to be an eagle or hawk, tried to carry off 9-month-old Barbara Chase from the front porch of the family home. To keep Belmont Track racing fans from using their cars, Magistrate Sala boosted the overtime parking fine from $4 to $15.

Three secretaries at the Hot Springs (Va.) Food Conference, in a spontaneous beauty contest: Marjorie Mattingly, Lilly Knudsen, Beatrice Tunnerman.

NORTH CAROLINA

Six Navy men were killed and 15 injured in the explosion of a small Naval vessel at Morehead City. Charlotte high-school students petitioned the School Board for officially sanctioned smoking rooms. Aywood Campbell and L. E. Colburn each claimed election as mayor of Hollyridge, boom town near Camp Davis. Burglars who cracked a safe in a Winston-Salem office building failed to read a sign: "Safe not locked—no money in it." Police Chief Skinner of Norwood was killed in a gun battle with Roy Gordon, whom Skinner was trying to arrest. T. W. Bridges was named manager of the North Carolina State Vocational Textile School being built near Belmont. Col. Leslie C. Longshore of Fort McClellan, Ala., succeeded Col. H. A. Wells, retired, as Army recruiting officer for the Carolinas.

OHIO

Akron's veteran Police Chief Williams resigned after admitting that he had issued gun permits to two youths who engaged in a miniature crime wave. Work was about to start on Mosquito Creek dam near Cortland to alleviate drought and provide flood protection for Mahoning Valley. The War Department's 4-million-dollar hospital at Cambridge was dedicated. Dayton stores opened Wednesday nights to accommodate war workers. Cleveland police hunted a "spy" in their ranks after a teletype order naming a new vice squad was discovered during a gambling raid on the Pearl-Clark Club. Eighteen women were working as section hands for the B & O near Oakley. Died at Cleveland: Msgr. Joseph Smith, vicar general of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Cleveland and founder of the Cathedral Canteen, at 78.

OKLAHOMA

State University alumni in the armed services soon will receive V-Mail letters describing the latest changes on the campus. Harry Hamilton, president of the Oklahoma Association of Justices of the Peace and Constables, asked Gov. Kerr's help in preventing court clerks from overcharging for marriage licenses. Oklahoma City received authorization for 1,200 additional housing units as war jobs brought 1,764 new residents to the city in five weeks. The Tulsa Chamber of Commerce demanded a Congressional investigation of damage done by disastrous floods in the Grand and Arkansas Valleys.

OREGON

Gov. Snell helped Vanport dedicate its first community building. The Salem City Council killed a bill to license pinball machines. The clubhouse of the Peninsula Golf Club between Portland and Vancouver burned. How Portland has changed in two years: 301,000 to 480,000 population; two banks open until 9 P.M.; long lines of customers waiting impatiently at liquor stores, theaters, restaurants and Meier & Franks. Coast Guard Leland Rath and Nadine Peterson were married at St. John's Church, Portland, during a blackout. The shortage of cannery help caused hundreds of tons of spinach to go to seed.

PENNSYLVANIA

Johnstown firemen are building four pumping units because fire equipment is so scarce. State liquor rationing was to start soon. At Hershey, chickens and ducks are being raised in the zoo, closed for the duration. The Yacht Club, Pittsburgh's only floating night club, sank in the Monongahela after the employee whose job was to pump the boat out failed to appear. East Liberty police sought a burglar who entered homes in his undershirt and bare feet. Bishop Mann of the Pittsburgh Episcopal Diocese dedicated a chapel honoring servicemen at Christ Church, Greensburg. Lt. Col. Joseph Dugan, away for 23 years, introduced himself to his mother in Philadelphia.

TENNESSEE

Trapped by police in a Nashville bus station, George Johnson, sought in the rape-slaying of an Army officer's wife, killed himself by shooting; two other suspects were held in the same case. Chattanooga's Union Station, a landmark since the Civil War, was being streamlined and redecorated. John Grier, Memphis steel worker, was arrested three times in 36 hours for drunkenness. Residents of Shelby County planted 20 times as many gardens this year as last. In Hamilton County Jail at Chattanooga, Carl Bishop married Mrs. Helen Rose Bishop, the former wife of a cousin, before he started a 3-year prison term for auto thefts. Jim Scoggins, a member of the Vanderbilt University coaching staff, was commissioned an ensign in the Navy.

TEXAS

Mayor Mauermann was re-elected at San Antonio. Because of the labor shortage, 20,000 rural customers of the Houston Lighting & Power Co., are allowed to read their own meters. Elsie Roberts, "Miss Varsity Venus" at the University of Houston, was chosen National Bond Queen by the Associated Colleges Press. The Rev. Everett H. Jones, rector of St. Mark's Church, San Antonio, succeeded the late Rt. Rev. William T. Capers as bishop of the West Texas diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church. George Strauss of Corpus Christi was elected president of the Elks State Association. Died: Ernest L. Gross, 97, oldest man in Washington County; Joseph J. Taylor, 73, editor in chief of the *Morning News*, at Dallas.

VERMONT

Vandals damaged Burlington junior and senior high schools, stealing $150 from desks and files. St. Albans planned a $200,000 drive for the hospital fund. Fifty family dwellings were to be built at South Strafford, where copper ore is being mined by the Vermont Copper Co. Father Robert F. Joyce, pastor of St. John's Church, Northfield, was to become an Army chaplain. Freeman Williams, escaped Waterbury State Hospital inmate, was captured by Rutland's Police Chief Potter after Williams had stolen a truck and automobile to get home. Fire severely damaged Norman Rockwell's studio at Arlington. Dr. Norman F. Johnson of Rutland was elected president of the State Dental Society. Died at Rutland: Howard L. Hindley, 72, editor of the *Rutland Herald* for 35 years.

A crane, background, works on wreckage of passenger cars piled up when an Atlantic City-to-New York express was derailed. Fourteen were killed.

WASHINGTON

White River Valley farms that were formerly operated by Japs are producing 10 million tomato plants. The State Racing Commission banned horse racing at Longacres, contending it would interfere with the war effort. Kirkland and Renton residents were being inoculated for typhoid because of contamination in Lake Washington caused by sewage from defense centers. At Seattle, 74 blocks in the "skid-road" district were declared out of bounds for Paine and McChord Field soldiers; a city ordinance made dog owners liable to $50 fines if their pets bothered victory gardens. Seattle and Portland battled for the cellar in the Pacific Coast League.

WEST VIRGINIA

Two men were killed and 10 others injured by an explosion at the Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Corp. in South Charleston. Thieves stole $40 from the Whip key store in Cameron. At Spencer, Fred McIntosh's prize bull sold for $535,000 in War Bonds at an auction. The State Guard will spend a week drilling at Camp Dawson in Preston County. Charleston cab drivers were warned against aiding the prostitution racket.

WYOMING

More than 1,200 agricultural workers from Arkansas, Arizona and New Mexico are helping alleviate the Wyoming farm-labor shortage. Yellowstone Park busses will not operate this summer and none of the park's hotels, lodges or cafeterias will be open. Rushing and pledging were abolished by seven national fraternities at Wyoming University because of the shortage of male students. Cheyenne High School graduated 283 seniors and won its annual invitation track meet, with Torrington second and Pine Bluffs third.

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POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

PARTIES

I prefer going
To parties stag
For the reason
That you can
Make a pass
At every lass
And then too
If you do
Get stuck
With some bag
Who refuses to
Do anything but
Chew the rag
You can always
Say, "Pardon
Me a minute,"
Which of course
Becomes infinite.

—Pvt. LOUIS FISHER

Camp Crowder, Mo

"He claims to be the mayor of this place."
Pfc. Aldo, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

GEOGRAPHY LESSON

Via letter and wire and by word of mouth,
Send the endless protest forth:
It is simply that the "Hospitable South"
Is located here up North.

—Cpl. M. B. SCHOEN

Shenango Replacement Center, Pa.

It Happened in the Barracks, U. S. A.

It is around 8 o'clock on a Saturday night in the barracks. The scene could be Texas, Missouri, California or New Jersey, in fact anywhere in the U.S.A. The main point is that it's 8 o'clock on a Saturday night in the barracks.

A soldier in fatigues drags his feet up the steps to the second floor. He's just got through a day's KP. Another soldier in khakis lies on his bunk and watches him.

"Tough day, bud?"

The KP strips off his shirt.

"That bastard mess sergeant don't make it easy, I'll tell you."

The first soldier sits up.

"Going in town tonight?"

"Might."

"Going with anybody?"

The KP throws a towel over his shoulder and steps over to the other guy's bunk. "Say, what's your name, anyway?"

"Charlie Roberts."

"Gosh, that's right. Funny, we've been on the same floor for five weeks and I can't even remember. My name's Smart, Jim Smart."

Charlie takes out a cigarette, offers one to Jim.

"I was thinking of dropping into Sal's joint tonight," says Charlie. "Ought to be poppin' with all the dolls from the QM laundry. Like to come along?"

"Wait till I take a shower."

A few minutes later, before the latrine mirror:

"Glad we're finally getting to know each other," says Charlie.

"Just what I was thinking."

"It takes a Saturday night. . . ."

"Yeah."

They straighten their caps and start to go.

"By the way," Charlie says.

"By the way," Jim says at the same time.

"Go ahead, what were you going to say?" Charlie asks.

"It wasn't important. What were you going to say?"

"Well, I was thinking. Well, pay day is next Friday and this month. . . . Well, I just wondered if you could lend me enough. . . ."

Jim laughs. "That was just what I was going to ask you. I'm flat."

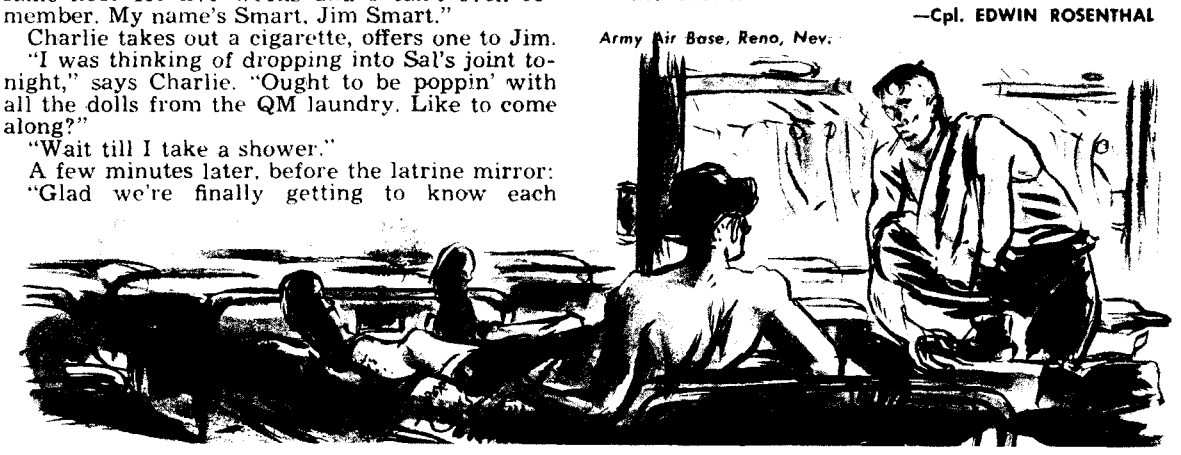
"So am I, clean busted."

Two soldiers climb back up the steps to the second floor, walk to their bunks and start to take off their clothes.

It could happen in a barracks in Texas, Missouri, California or New Jersey, in fact anywhere in the U.S.A.

—Cpl. EDWIN ROSENTHAL

Army Air Base, Reno, Nev.



Midwestern on Rye

One of the strangest byproducts of the war is the extreme difficulty of buying a sandwich without mayonnaise at Fort Riley, Kans.

The following short playlet will illustrate what I mean. The scene is any Fort Riley restaurant.

Lights! Curtain!

YOU: I would like a sandwich.

WAITRESS: What kind, sir?

YOU: I think a cheeseburger would be nice.

WAITRESS: We have some very fine cheeseburgers, sir.

YOU: Good, bring me one, and [*you lean forward tensely*] PLEASE DON'T PUT ANY MAYONNAISE ON IT.

WAITRESS: [*With an attitude that says clearly, "I am dealing with a madman."*] Yes, sir, no mayonnaise.

Back near the kitchen the waitress talks to what passes in Kansas for a headwaiter, pointing at you meanwhile. The headwaiter scans you carefully, then goes into the kitchen and emerges with a meat cleaver.

Meanwhile the waitress has gone into the kitchen and placed your order. You know she has done this because she and the chef come out almost immediately, and she points to you while he cranes his neck and brandishes a large knife.

"Name of a dog," he snarls with a Midwestern twang. He then goes back into the kitchen, accompanied by the waitress.

An hour later she emerges and approaches your table. "Here is your sandwich, sir," she says, "and I remembered the mayonnaise."

She places before you two pieces of bread and a mysterious substance within.

In gratitude you press a bill into her moist hand and turn your attention to the sandwich, which turns out to be tuna fish with mustard and ketchup.

—Cpl. JULIAN CLAMAN

Fort Riley, Kans.

Sgt. Karmen Stately, Gravelly Point, D. C.

"Tragic, ain't it?"

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

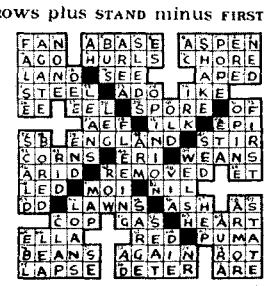
CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 15 to 10—the killer! Black jumps 5 to 14. . . . White moves 6 to 1, crowning. Black King jumps 15 to 16. . . . White king goes on the rampage, jumping 1 to 10 to 17 to 26 to 19 to 28. . . . Two more moves and it's all over for Black. White wins.

DOUBLE PUZZLE

EARRING plus WOLF minus ARROWS plus STAND minus FIRST = ENGLAND.

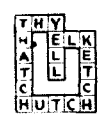
36	28	5	4	3	35
27	14	15	21	24	10
31	19	26	12	17	6
7	16	13	23	22	30
8	25	20	18	11	29
2	9	32	33	34	1



MAGIC SQUARE

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

There were seven winning solutions for the May 7 Tee-Total puzzle. Five men who tied with scores of 397 were: Sgt. Morris Levy, Fort Jay, N. Y.; Pfc. Norman Rubinstein, Olmsted Field, Middletown, Pa.; Lt. John Sheridan, Fort Harrison, Ind.; Cpl. Gilbert Shott, FAAF, Florence, S. C., and Pfc. Ernest Voigtlander, Dale Mabry Field, Fla. Pfc. Rubinstein didn't know his own strength, added incorrectly and claimed only 395. Shott's and Sheridan's identical solution is at left. Puzzle kits also go to Pvt. George Davidson, Fort Benning, Ga., and WO Robert Scherer, Fort Devens, Mass., runners-up with a tie at 395.



You can try for one of YANK's big puzzle kits yourself. Send your Tee-Total solutions to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. George Aarons. 2—Aarons. 3—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 5—Aarons. 6—Acme. 7—top, Cpl. Lester F. McKenney; bottom, Sig. Corps. 9—Aarons. 12—top left, PRO Camp Roberts, Calif.; top right, U. S. Navy; center left, Sig. Corps; center, INP; center right, AAFTTC; bottom left, U. S. Army. 13—top left, Aarons; top center, PA; top right, WW; center left, Sig. Corps; center, WW; center right, 11th Armored Div.; center, Acme. 15—lower left, QMRTC, Fort Warren, Wyo.; lower right, Sig. Corps. 16—20th Century Fox. 17—left, Warner Bros.; right, Paramount. 20—Acme. 21—left, Acme; right, PA. 23—left, INP; right, Acme. 24—Murray Korman.

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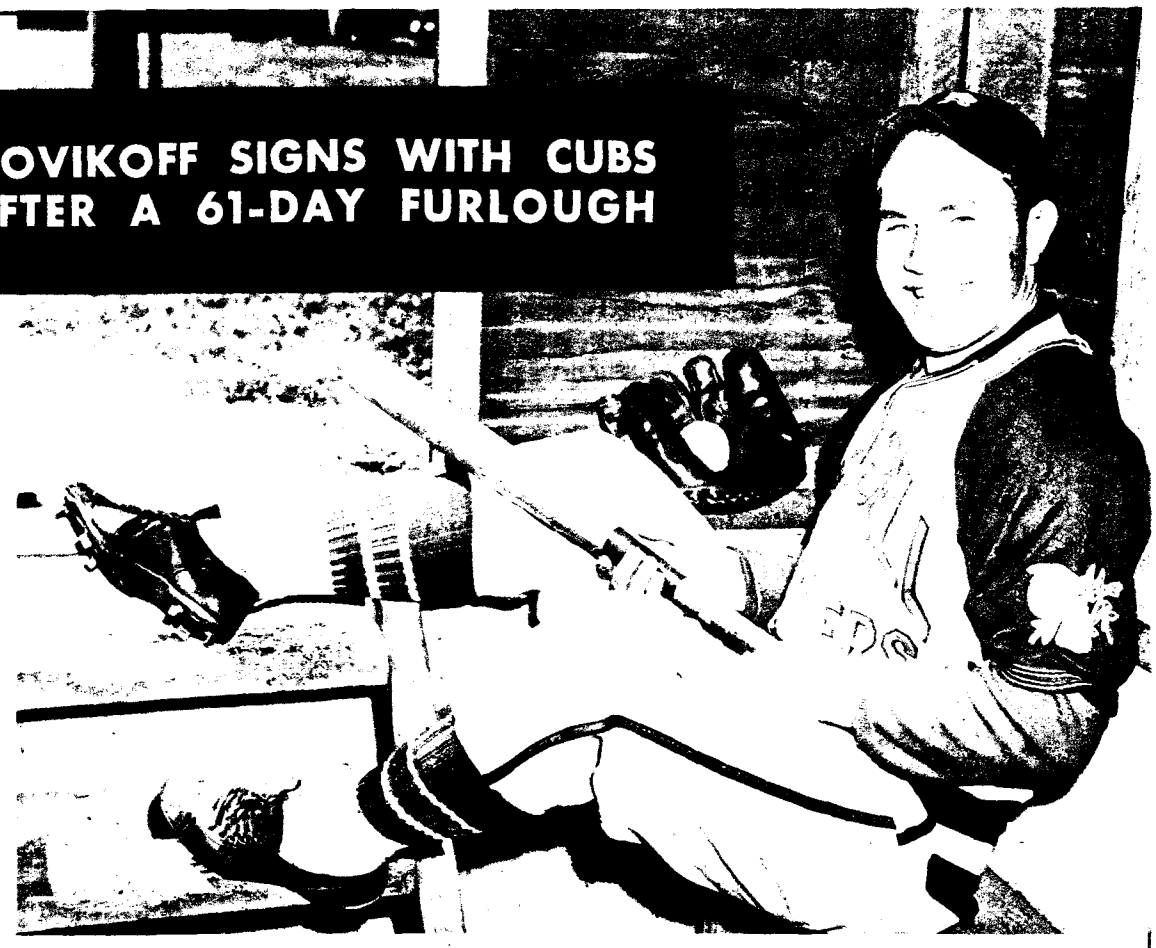
SPORTS: NOVIKOFF SIGNS WITH CUBS AFTER A 61-DAY FURLOUGH

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



Here's Lou Novikoff in the uniform of the Rosabell Plumbers, a Long Beach (Calif.) semi-pro team. Lou played with the Plumbers until the Cubs ordered him to quit. Then he coached the team from the bench.

THERE are a lot of latrine rumors going around the major leagues concerning the exact amount of money that the Chicago Cubs paid Lou (Ceiling Price) Novikoff to shake hands and make up after his 61-day hold-out. The Mad Russian himself is doing his best to make the public believe he got what he wanted—not a *sou* less than $8,500.

This, of course, wasn't the original figure the Stubborn Slav was demanding. He wanted $10,000 worth of Phil Wrigley's chewing-gum wrappers and the Cubs were standing pat on $6,000. If, as he says, he got $8,500, Lou undoubtedly figures he won.

"I never expected to get the 10 grand, anyhow," Novikoff admitted. "I know the Chicago Cubs. They wouldn't pay Timoshenko $10,000 to bat against Rommel in a Sunday double-header."

James Gallagher of the Chicago management has flatly refused to discuss the Novikoff capitulation one way or the other. He's letting Lou do all the talking. Any query about the Novikoff contract will only prompt Mr. Gallagher to go into this announcement:

"It is not our policy at this time to discuss contracts or how the Cubs are doing."

It's no secret how the Cubs are doing. The so-called National League dark horses have turned a tattle-tale gray while kicking around in the cellar. They completely missed the boat when they started the season without Novikoff in the line-up. He was one of their two .300 hitters, and they needed him. But Mr. Gallagher didn't think so. He said he never could see Lou as a major-league player, which was all right with Lou, who said he couldn't see Mr. Gallagher for a cent less than 10 grand.

Mr. Gallagher, in fact, didn't seem to care what happened to the Cubs as long as he could slip a mickey into Lou's *vodka*. He took his wrath out on Lou by dreaming up all kinds of trades with the Phillies, Dodgers and Giants. At one stage in Novikoff's 61-day furlough, there was strong talk of Gallagher trading the Mad Russian to the Phillies for Danny Litwhiler. At another stage, Branch Rickey of the Dodgers said he would take Novikoff and cash for Ducky Medwick. Even Manager Jimmy Wilson sounded the Giants out on a trade for Novikoff while coaching from the third base line at the Polo Grounds.

"Hey, Ott," Wilson yelled across the diamond. "What will you offer for Novikoff?"

"Mayor LaGuardia, and we'll throw in Babe Barna" was the reply.

Naturally, the deal never went through. The Cubs have always been lousy traders.

While Mr. Gallagher was in New York stirring up trade talk, Lou was busy playing semi-pro baseball in Long Beach, Calif. This infuriated Gallagher, who had hoped that Lou was brooding himself to death. He immediately got Novikoff on the phone.

"What's this I hear about you playing semi-pro baseball?" Gallagher asked.

"That's right," Lou said. "From all I hear it's just like playing for the Cubs."

"That's an obscene lie," Gallagher shouted. "Either you cut out your adventures with that semi-pro outfit or I'll report you to Judge Landis."

"If that's the way you feel, I'll quit playing and start coaching the team," Lou said and hung up the phone.

By this time Jimmy Wilson was in a desperate way. The Phillies and Giants were knocking off his Cubs like clay pigeons in a shooting gallery. He needed Novikoff's power badly and finally persuaded Gallagher to strike a compromise with Novikoff.

Gallagher didn't handle the transaction himself. He pushed the job off on Clarence (Pants) Rowland, manager of the Chicago-owned Los Angeles club. Rowland quickly brought Novikoff to terms and within a few hours Lou was standing at the station kissing his wife and kids good-bye and assuring Rowland that he would start the Cubs on a winning streak.

There's a chance that Novikoff might do it, too. Last season he started himself on one of the most amazing streaks in baseball. In less than two months he lifted his batting average from .207 to .316. His formula was as simple as this:

"I found out I was thinking too much. I can't hit when I'm thinking. So I just stopped thinking."

That seems to be Mr. Gallagher's trouble, too. He was thinking so much he forgot to get the Cubs out of the second division.

Looking over draftees like Babe Dahlgren, Phillie shortstop, is old stuff for Dr. J. Wesley Anders. He examined Spanish-American war volunteers, too.

A LOT of fellows won't believe it, but **Leo Durocher's** brother, **Pvt. Armond Durocher,** is an umpire down in the Caribbean area. . . . **Billy Southworth,** the Cardinal manager, keeps up a steady correspondence with **Enos Slaughter, Frank Crespi, Terry Moore, Johnny Beazley,** and, of course, **Billy Jr.,** who is a Fortress pilot on the Berlin milk run. . . . **Joe Platak,** who hadn't even looked at handball for 11 months, went straight from his ship to the National Handball Championships at San Francisco and won the singles title. Joe is a Navy cook. . . . In a handball tournament at McClellan Field, Calif., **Pvt. Walter Judnich,** former St. Louis Brown outfielder, won the championship, knocking off a captain in the finals.

The Hospital Detachment baseball team, operating along the Alcan Highway, wants to thank **Ed Barrow,** president of the New York Yankees, for the baseballs he sent up and to assure him they were used in the most approved Yankee fashion. The Medics report they won 14 games, suffered no defeats, and did it all after working 10 to 12 hours. . . . The Army is beckoning **Babe Dahlgren** just when he seems to be finding himself as shortstop for the Phillies. . . . **Babe Young,** former Giant first baseman, is at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn., and plays first base for the Coast Guard Dolphins.

During the North African campaign, an American infantryman sighted two paratroopers floating to the ground behind the Allied lines. When the Yank approached them, he noticed they were wearing American uniforms but was suspicious. He asked them a few phony baseball questions, such as how many home runs had **Jim Londos** hit for the Dodgers and how well was **Connie Mack** pitching this year. When they told him they hadn't heard these latest news flashes over the shortwave, the Yank promptly grabbed them. They were Germans. . . . The GIs on New Guinea have taken time off from killing Japs to carve a regulation bowling alley, complete with pins and balls, out of the jungle and claim it to be the only bowling parlor on any fighting front.

Ensign Corny Warmderdam, the pole-vault champion, must be a first cousin to a kangaroo. During the Duke University-North Carolina Pre-Flight track meet, Warmderdam, who had never tried it before, found out that he was a better-than-average high hurdler. He won the event. . . . In Australia, the GIs swear by **M. C. Gilley,** the country's leading lumber king and an old-time Portland (Oreg.) baseball player. Gilley has entertained the boys with genuine American hamburger and coffee, and has donated equipment, secured playing fields and umpired a game every Sunday for more than a year. The boys are wondering if that isn't an all-time high for umpiring. . . . A late count shows a total of 154 American Leaguers in the armed forces. The Army has 86, the Navy 58, the Coast Guard seven, the Marines one **(Ted Lyons)** and the CRAF two.

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